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# Atlantic Insight

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AUGUST 1989

Vol. 11 No. 8



## SPECIAL REPORT

Scientists in the region give low marks to the research and development effort across the country. At issue is not the quality of research but the quantity.

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## COVER STORY

Diane Griffin came home to take up the challenge of preserving P.E.I.'s natural areas. As executive director of the Island Nature Trust, she ended up taking on land developers and speculators.

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COVER PHOTO BY BARRETT & MACKAY  
PHOTOGRAPHERS



## ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

Atlantic Canada's saved the best till last. In August and September, tap your toes at a folk festival, sink your teeth into a bakeapple pie, watch a soaring hot air balloon, meet John A. Macdonald's cousins or get wrapped up in quilts.

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## FOOD

Hodgepodge, the quintessence of summer food, is one of several regional dishes which combine garden vegetables at their peak with fresh dairy cream.

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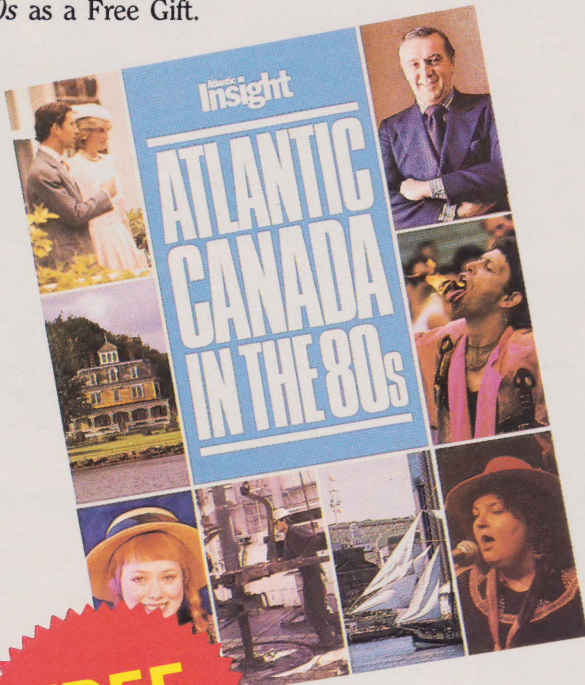


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## PUBLISHER'S LETTER

# Incredible visual offerings

**S**herman Hines is usually referred to as a photographer, a bald and bland statement of fact that's the equivalent of saying that Ray Guy is a typist. Hines is a photographer, of course — in fact, he's one of the country's finest and best known.

The truth is that he's the centre of an incredible whirl of energy and ideas, spinning off countless projects and enterprises. For me the best of his recent endeavors is a big format paperback book titled the *Nova Scotia Pictorial (Bed and Breakfast Unique Inns and much more)*. Anyone spending time in Nova Scotia this summer will encounter this volume in bookstores, country inns and on the magazine racks.

*Nova Scotia Pictorial* is one of about 40 books and other publications with Sherman Hines' name on it that you could find in the country's bookstores these days. Among the others are real classics, like a coffee table book published last fall titled *Incredible Light* which was a huge success across the country. Others are entertainments of a kind — how else do you describe his *Outhouses of the East*, followed by the sequel *Outhouses of the West*? And there are the workaday picture books of a whole range of cities, provinces and cookbooks.

I've met the man only once, in the midst of the big annual Canadian trade fair for publishers and booksellers. In person he was just as you'd imagine, full of ideas and possibilities, many of them quite unconventional compared to the way publishing is usually done. Like all innovators, not all of Hines' ideas are good ones and some projects don't work out. But of all the things he's doing, one that specially deserves to be acknowledged and celebrated is the *Nova Scotia Pictorial*.

The book is unusual, an all-visual Nova Scotia guidebook. It presents a strong, well-defined and very attractive image of that province by focusing on its country inns, summer seasonal restaurants, gift shops, bed and breakfasts and historic sites. It offers nothing but color photographs of these places, with simple identifying cut lines. (At the back there are maps and details like phone numbers and names but these are for reference pur-

poses.) This is not a book to be read; it's a book to look at. And the collective image it offers of Nova Scotia for vacationers is wonderful.

Perhaps the best way to sum up the vision of this book would be to call it living heritage. Almost all the places it shows — the inns, restaurants, gift shops, bed and breakfasts and so on — are heritage buildings. Many are fine examples of the finest architecture of the province; others are simply typical examples, well maintained and furnished.

Sherman Hines saw this happening in Nova Scotia and he knew that it was something to be shown visually, rather than in words. He also found a way of producing a book that would celebrate these aspects of Nova Scotia while helping all these people increase their business and make money at the same time. At \$12.95 for a big-format, 232-page book, no one can match this publication for sheer value for money.

There are two not-so-hidden secrets to his approach: the first is to have it printed in Singapore, where color printing costs far less than here and the second is to persuade the people included in it to ante up a portion of the costs of publishing the book so that the final selling price is a highly attractive one. As a result, 15,000 copies will find their way into the hands of visitors and others in the province this year. And the provincial Department of Tourism has taken advantage of the book to use it to promote Nova Scotia to tour operators and travel agencies.

As befits someone as bubbling over with good ideas, Sherman Hines is now busy with other projects but his colleague at Stone House Publishing in Halifax, Dan Sargeant, is carrying on with this particular project and building and improving on the idea. This summer Sargeant and his staff are preparing two more such books, one focusing on Halifax and the other on P.E.I. They'll be around next summer.

Meanwhile I'm sure we can count on Sherman to be coming up with more ideas for showing this part of Canada to ourselves and to the rest of the world.

— James Lorimer



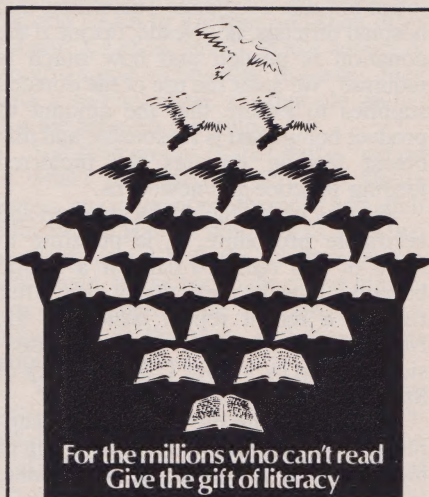
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# FEEDBACK

## Company takes exception

After reading Ralph Surette's column called *Saving children for our future* (March '89), I was disappointed to read his comment that Nestlé has broken a World Health Organization (WHO) agreement and "were pushing milk substitutes again." Of even greater concern, however, is the fact that Mr. Surette has made no attempt to learn the other side of the story by contacting my company on this issue. . . .

To give your readers a more balanced understanding of this issue, I would like to provide you with some background information. A special interest group called Action for Corporate Accountability (ACA) has announced that it is calling for a worldwide boycott of Nestlé products. Based in the United States, ACA has accused Nestlé of violating a World Health Organization marketing code by "dumping" supplies of infant formula in Third World hospitals.

Nestlé flatly denies these charges. My company's marketing practices in Third World countries comply strictly with the WHO marketing code, and our critics know very well that donation of infant formula to hospitals are permitted under article 6.6 of this code.

The Nestlé policy on this point is very clear. It requires hospitals to take the first step by making a written request for all infant formula donations. This means that hospital officials, not Nestlé, decide if the donation is needed and how much is required. We audit the use of the donated supplies to ensure that the amount of product being used is reasonable and that breast feeding remains the preferred feeding practice for newborns.

In view of this highly documented and verifiable procedure, it is puzzling to learn of this renewed call for a Nestlé boycott. This is particularly true after reading a recent report issued by the Nestlé Infant Formula Audit Commission, headed by former U.S. Secretary of State Edmund Muskie.

After studying the issue of free supplies at length, this independent group of highly respected physicians, theologians, and educators concluded unanimously that the latest charges against Nestlé are incorrect. . . .

*Ray Peterson  
Vice President of  
Corporate & Consumer Affairs  
Nestlé Enterprises Limited  
Don Mills, Ont.*

**(Ralph Surette replies:** Nestlé and its critics are in dispute over the meaning of Article 6.6 of the 1984 World Health Organization (WHO) code. The code prohibits the promotion of breast milk substitutes, but allows donations of it to health institutions.

Nestlé appears to be clinging to the letter of that agreement but according to its critics, is violating its spirit and perpetuating the problems, widely condemned by health authorities worldwide, caused by use and misuse of infant formulas in the Third World. They charge that Nestlé is using the hospital donations as a "loophole" to push their products. They say once mothers start using the products in hospital their breast milk dries up and they must continue using the substitutes, which they often can't afford and often end up diluting or using with contaminated water. Bottle-fed babies have a far higher death rate in the Third World than breast-fed ones.

Given the power and influence of large multinationals (Nestlé's sales are \$24 billion worldwide), Mr. Peterson's objection that hospitals must ask for the donations first has a weak ring.

Also, although the Muskie Commission is a respected one, according to the April issue of the *New Internationalist* it is entirely paid for by Nestlé and even shares its public relations firm. . . .)

## Busy help lines excluded

I would like to commend author Joan Sichel on her article *Listening and caring and making the right connections* (Jan. '89). It was a well-written article outlining the services of information centres and help lines but unfortunately not well researched, it missed Saint John completely.

INFO-line (633-4636/633-INFO) an information and referral service, operated by the Saint John Human Development Council, has been helping people since 1985. In 1988 we had 2,018 requests and as of June 7, 1989 we have responded to 1,415 calls. INFO-line serves the public by telephone, office visits and by publishing directories. Our Human Services Directory is now in its fourth edition.

Another help line in Saint John is the Suicide Crisis Intervention Line, operated with volunteers by the Canadian Mental Health Association.

*Margo Flewelling  
Information Co-ordinator  
Human Development Council  
Saint John, N.B.*

## Beaverbrook an Upper Canadian

Max Aitken was not "New Brunswick-born" as suggested in *Restoring a national treasure* (June '89). William Maxwell Aitken was the youngest of five children born to the Rev. William and Jane Aitken in Maple, Ontario.

. . . The Aitken family lived in Silvermine, six miles from Linlithgow, Scotland. In 1864 William Cuthbert Aitken was ordained Church of Scotland minister by the presbytery of Linlithgow. Offered

free passage to Canada, he was called to Coburg, Ontario. . . Within a year of his arrival in Canada, the Rev. William Aitken moved to the more prosperous Vaughn, a parish of Maple, and two years later married Jane Noble, daughter of a prosperous farmer of Presbyterian Ulster origin. William Maxwell, their fifth child, was born on May 25, 1879.

In 1880 the Rev. Aitken answered a call from St. James's Church, Newcastle, N.B. where he remained until his retirement in 1902. Five more Aitken children were born in Newcastle.

*Harry Traynor  
Halifax, N.S.*

## Mic Mac or Micmac?

The misspelling Mic Mac occurred in three articles of the June issue, so it can't be an accident: I presume it must be editorial policy.

Now we know that most of the Mics in Nova Scotia are Macs — whereas in Newfoundland most of the Mics are Irish — and that most of the Macs are Mics, because of all the immigration from the Scottish Highlands. But that does not mean that the Micmac are Mic Macs; they are Algonkian (sic), not Celtic. Micmac is a single indivisible word, and the spelling Mic Mac is a solecism that is to be deplored.

I enjoyed Ralph Surette's column *Overcoming bigotry and racism* (June '89) in spite of the fact that the editorial spelling Mic Mac was used throughout. It should also be noted, because it is an extraordinary fact, that Father Maillard was employed towards the end of the Seven Years War at a salary of 100 pounds a year to keep peace with the Micmac: this makes him the first Roman Catholic priest to be employed by the British Crown after the Reformation.

Surette's description of Father Maillard's funeral is a bit overstated. Not everyone attended the funeral. Notable by his absence was the minister of St. Paul's, Rev. Breynton, who had the funeral service taken by his curate, the Rev. Thomas Wood, and refused to allow any entry in the Record of Services. . . .

*John Hewson  
Department of Linguistics  
Memorial University of Newfoundland*

**(Editor's Note:** The policy of spelling Mic Mac as two words resulted from consultation with several native organizations in Halifax after we received a publication which used that spelling. It is now the official policy of the Union of Nova Scotia Indians to use the spelling Mi'kmaw, singular, or the plural, Mi'kmaq in all their correspondence and they are requesting that publications adopt the traditional spelling.)



# An old-fashioned concept acquires new credibility

*An organization called the Self-Help Connection puts people who need help in touch with each other and their problems*

**A** movement is underway in Nova Scotia that is challenging, in a helpful manner, the health care system's status quo. Throughout the province, small, local groups of individuals are coming together to help themselves and each other. And while the number of self-help groups is unprecedented, the techniques they use are familiar — they tell stories, listen to one another and offer solutions to problems that range from chronic depression to dealing with the grief of losing a family member.

Self-help isn't a new idea. Built on a long tradition of informal support given through families, friends and communities, the mutual aid offered is associated with groups like Alcoholics Anonymous, which has gained international stature for its 10-step approach to overcoming alcoholism.

AA is only one of an estimated half-million of these groups across the continent which deal with almost every human problem. Most self-help groups can be slotted into one of three main types: those for people suffering from physical and mental illness (there is at least one group for nearly every major disease), reform groups for people with addictions and advocacy groups.

Self-help groups in Nova Scotia range from Gamblers Anonymous to a bereavement group for youths and an incest survivors' group. Margo Clark, the development co-ordinator for the Halifax-based Self-Help Connection (SHC), says that when her organization first started compiling a directory of self-help groups in the province in 1987, there were 35. Now there are more than 350 groups listed.

"When we started out, we certainly didn't intend to start self-help organizations," says Clark, but the SHC has helped over 120 new groups. Her organization provides information for groups in Nova Scotia, makes referrals to and for the groups, provides how-to materials, maintains a library on self-help theory, practice and contacts and develops skills for those working with self-help groups.

Clark says the concept of self-help presents a real challenge to the health care system's status quo. "Health care professionals are used to a dependency relationship with those they work with. When there's a professional involved, the group

expects that person to tell them what to do and sometimes the professional falls into that role. We like to say that we're on tap, as a resource, not on top."

Margaret MacPherson, who worked with the Second Story Women's Centre in Bridgewater, N.S. and who now serves



Clark says mutual support is the key

on the SHC advisory committee, agrees. "Self-help is perceived as a challenge to the traditional health care system. Some professionals see self-help as denying their abilities."

The groundswell of self-help groups has been necessary, she argues. "It's obvious people are not having their needs met by our system and I'm not sure the system could ever meet all the needs in any community. Our system is overtaxed now as it is. When someone needs help and there's a three-month waiting list, it's a good thing that there are self-help groups that a person can turn to."

Clark says she understands how people feel. As a member of the Friends of Schizophrenia self-help group, she realizes how important mutual support can be. "A real bond develops at your group. The problems that we have come together to talk about are something we can relate to. We all have problems we think others don't understand. But when you hear the person next to you in the group say, 'I know just how you feel,' then

you realize you're not alone."

Mutual support is a cost effective way of helping people, says Clark, and very practical. "It's different from the help you would expect from professionals and sometimes it seems more thoughtful. One woman I know is an overeater and she went to a conference where she was presented with a buffet lunch. Now a professional would say, 'let's talk about that next week and examine your deeper feelings.' That wouldn't help this person out of her predicament. So she called a friend from her self-help group. Her friend came over with a brown bag lunch and ate with her off to one side of the conference. The problem was dealt with immediately and it didn't cost a thing."

The self-help movement isn't without its critics. The most common criticism is from those who argue that the growth of the self-help movement is more an indication of larger societal problems of sexism, racism, poverty and abuse, than a solution. The criticism is especially valid, they argue, for groups that deal with addictive behaviors, like alcoholism and drug abuse; the groups put the burden of responsibility on the individual and fail to look at social causes.

"There's a fine line between being an advocacy group, where the members are out to change society, and a self-help group," says MacPherson. "Some groups come together specifically as advocates for one cause or another and then offer support for its members. While advocacy groups aren't technically self-help, they have a self-help role. It's that old saying that the personal is political."

Self-help groups challenge the "notion of what's best for people," says Sheila Banks, an occupational therapist and adult educator in Halifax who works with two stroke groups. "With the reliance on professionals, we've lost sight of the importance of one-on-one support. It was important in the past, and it's just as important now."

The Self-Help Connection was created with money from a Canadian Mental Health Association project after the CMHA initiated a Consumer to Citizen program in 1986 in seven rural areas to determine the communities' mental health care needs. "A lot of rural people can't afford to travel to Halifax, so we took the program to them," says Clark. "We helped to develop the resources found right in their own communities."

The future of the Self-Help Connection isn't assured since it only has a two-year funding agreement. Clark says she worries about running out of money, especially when she knows just how much work is left to be done.

MacPherson hopes the project will accomplish what she says is an incredible goal: to make self-help a legitimate part of the province's health care system. ☐



# Fishermen left with scraps as France goes off with bone

*A tentative truce has been called between two countries whose fishermen continue to make their living on the same water*

by Philip Lee  
On a clear day, standing on the beach at Lamaline on the south coast of the Burin Peninsula, you can see the rugged cliffs of the French islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon.

On the waters between Newfoundland's south coast and the French islands (fishing zone 3Ps), Canada and France have declared a truce in the bitter fishing war which began when Canada declared its 200-mile limit in 1977. At the time, France also claimed a 200-mile limit off St. Pierre and Miquelon. Canada refuses to recognize the French claim.

Since 1983, however, blatant overfishing by factory freezer trawlers from metropolitan France in the disputed zone off the south coast has been contributing to the decline of the cod stocks and the failure of the fishery both in Newfoundland towns and on St. Pierre and Miquelon.

Newfoundland inshore fishermen on the south coast, who are still licking their wounds after their worst catches in history last year, do not harbor ill feelings toward the fishermen on St. Pierre and Miquelon. The fishermen from the two countries have traditionally fished side-by-side off the south coast and have often expressed a common desire to sail out and start shooting at factory freezer trawlers from France.

"We consider them our own people," says Edgar Jarvis, an inshore fisherman from the town of St. Lawrence on the south coast. "They're in the same position with France as we're in with our own federal government."

South coast fishermen fully supported the fishermen of St. Pierre and Miquelon last winter when they violently protested the presence of a second factory freezer trawler from France, pointing out that the French metropolitan fleet had no regard for its own people by overfishing the cod stocks upon which the tiny islands depend for their survival.

Fishermen are not impressed with the deal Canada signed with France in March which will allow the boundary dispute to be resolved by an international tribunal over the next three years.

The deal, announced by the federal government in March, is an agreement to disagree on fish quotas while the boundary dispute is resolved. The deal allows France to legally overfish in 3Ps and

grants the French the right to fish the declining Gulf of St. Lawrence and northern cod stocks.

A diplomatic note from the Department of External Affairs written shortly before the deal was signed in March, clearly states that Canada is aware that



Fishermen think government was asleep

French cod quotas allocated in the three-year agreement amount to overfishing in Canadian waters. "Such a measure has no legal basis and...any fishing by the French vessels in excess of the quota set by Canadian authorities constitutes overfishing which can be tolerated only in consideration of the present special circumstances," the note states.

Jarvis says inshore fishermen on the south coast are relieved that the French fishing effort will now spread out of their area to the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the northeast coast but he still does not agree with the decision to give away more Canadian fish to the French. "The stocks are depleted now to such a state that you don't know if they will ever recover," he says.

Both inshore and offshore fishermen felt the full impact of depleted cod stocks in 3Ps in 1988, with the total Canadian catch dropping to 19,464 tonnes, a drastic decline from the 1987 total of 34,215 tonnes.

"It's frightening," says Jarvis. "It seems like our government was asleep

for a number of years and all of a sudden they woke up and realized that they were doing a very poor job of managing the stocks, not only with our own area with the France problem, but all our stocks are in trouble."

With recent scientific studies urging Ottawa to drastically cut northern cod quotas in 1990, many fishermen are outraged that Ottawa has agreed to give any of their precious resource to French trawlers.

International Trade Minister John Crosbie insists the federal government had little choice. "I would have preferred a settlement that provided for a full rollback by France to the Canadian quota in 3Ps," he said in March. "I would have preferred a settlement by France that included no allocation of 2J3KL [northern] cod. However, I am persuaded that we could not have achieved a settlement with France on those terms."

Pat Cabot, president of the Newfoundland and Labrador Fixed-Gear Fisherman's Association, points out that many fishermen in northeastern Newfoundland and on the Labrador coast depend solely on the northern cod for their survival. "We see any cod that's given away as taking the bread and butter off their table...We didn't think they had it to give away."

The offshore fishing companies basically agreed with Crosbie's assessment of the deal, stating that although Canada had to make some concessions, it was more important to get the boundary dispute to the international tribunal.

But fishermen like Jarvis insist the offshore companies themselves must shoulder part of the blame for the declining fish stocks in Newfoundland waters. "The big companies got more their own way. That's a lot of the problem with our stock anyway. You can blame it on the foreigners to a certain extent but our own companies did most of the damage."

Crosbie points out that the deal provides for new conservation safeguards in the disputed zone because France, for the first time, will have to report its catches to Canada "on a regular and timely basis" and must take part in joint at-sea inspections. And Ottawa has taken great pains to point out that the deal requires France to reduce its catches of fish in the disputed zone by more than 10,000 tonnes — from 26,000 tonnes to 15,600 tonnes.

Cabot points out that battles over cod quotas, diplomatic posturing and international tribunals will become irrelevant if Canada and foreign countries do not move quickly to reverse the rapid decline of many of Newfoundland's fish stocks. "It's sort of fighting over the scraps and the dog has gone off with the bone," he says.



# Taps may soon be heard at the Summerside base

*Decisions to close CFB Summerside were reversed in the past but residents are facing the fact that this time it may be for real*

by Marcia Porter

**P**eople in Summerside aren't talking about the weather anymore. They're meeting in the coffee shops, the shopping centres and the schools of this western Prince Edward Island community to talk about the federal government's plan to close Canadian Forces Base Summerside by 1992.

In this residential town of about 8,000, where huge Victorian homes and neat bungalows line the streets, CFB Summerside is the soul of the local economy. It's

Beairsto was also a town councillor when government threatened to close the base about 10 years ago. Back then a determined MP named George Henderson and former mayor Francis Perry journeyed to Ottawa to plead the community's case. And that wasn't the first time government sent panic through the veins of local residents. In 1965 Ottawa's threats of closure were subdued by Egmont MP David MacDonald, who waged a strong campaign that saved CFB Summerside. But government has argued that the base

man who's lived and worked in Summerside all his life. "We're mostly family and the staff we have are really loyal. We can survive without a big payroll."

While some residents of Summerside remain stoic in the face of disaster, there are telling signs that others are not. A telephone survey conducted by the local Chamber of Commerce revealed some alarming statistics. Ninety-one per cent of 370 businesses polled predicted they would lose money without CFB Summerside; 139 of the businesses contacted said they would be forced to close.

One of the volunteers in the phone blitz was Emmett Kelly, vice-president of the Union of National Defence Employees which represents the 250 civilian workers. Kelly is chief operations engineer at the base heating plant. He's worked for almost 30 years at CFB Summerside and is close to retirement age.

"There are 25 men under me," he says. "Young men from 25 right up to 36 and at the height of economic responsibility. They're just starting their lives. The closures wouldn't affect me as much as those under me. They're in emotional turmoil right now."

Local family physician David Stewart says he thinks the closure will affect everybody. "There's a pervasive uncertainty here now and that's hard for people to deal with." He's seeing more cases of stress-related illnesses since the announcement. "I'm seeing more cases [of these illnesses] now, but this is just the beginning. It hasn't hit people in the pocketbook yet."

Most Islanders have come to regard Summerside as a gutsy little town. It recently successfully hosted an international softball tournament and has sponsored more than its share of national sporting events. It boasts quality ballfields, a yacht club larger than the one in Charlottetown and there's even a race track that survives while ones in larger centres have failed.

But many residents, like Gordon Jenkins, say if the closure does happen, that famous Summerside spirit would evaporate. Jenkins, a Summerside man born and bred, recently married and bought a house. He and his wife Rosemary commute daily to jobs in Charlottetown. They had considered moving to the provincial capital to be closer to work but those thoughts are on hold.

"We can't even think of that now," says Jenkins, who estimates his home has dropped one third in value. Looking down the row of houses on his street, he says his neighbors are in the same predicament. Some houses have for sale signs pitched on their lawns. "Summerside will be a retirement home if this goes through," he says. "The excitement in Summerside will be when a ship comes in loaded with potatoes."



Some residents fear that Summerside will become a retirement town with the base closure

the largest employer in the community and the second largest on the Island.

Though it's located a few kilometres away in nearby St. Eleanor's, the base is by no means invisible. Base people live in the town, buy groceries, shop at the pharmacies, purchase new cars and they send their children to Summerside schools. About 1,200 military and 250 civilian personnel earn their living from base operations. CFB Summerside pumps about \$50 million annually into the Island economy, \$11 million of which is spent in Summerside.

"You take that kind of buying power out of the economy and it doesn't matter what you name, it's going to have an effect," says Don Beairsto, who's lived in the town for the last 23 years. Beairsto serves as deputy mayor and runs a tire business. It's a small business, he says, one that could suffer or even close, if the base goes. "We estimate that 20 per cent of our business is a direct spinoff from CFB Summerside," he says. "We stand to lose about \$80,000 a year."

has served little military purpose since it operated as a centre for training Canadian fighter pilots during the Second World War.

Ira Kember, co-owner of Centennial Motors in Summerside, says base personnel spend about a half a million dollars annually on new cars, accounting for 25 per cent of his business. The base closure wouldn't be good for the dealership but the Ontario native, who's been in the car business since his arrival in Summerside 10 years ago, believes he will survive. "We started from nothing," he says, recalling the lean years of the early '80s.

Dick Wedge, a local pharmacist, knows what taking risks is all about. He operates Enman Drug, a family pharmacy on Water Street in the town's small downtown core. He depends on base clientele for almost 40 per cent of his business. Losing those customers would not force Wedge to close his shop, though it would mean that Enman Drug would have to tighten the purse strings.

"We can survive," says the grey-haired



# Community opens doors for Central American refugees

*An influx of refugees to the border town of St. Stephen, N.B. has been a learning experience for the newcomers and residents*

by Alex Merrill

**A**s the cold winds were beginning to blow in from the north to St. Stephen, N.B. last fall, a current of a different sort was coming up from the south — a current that would make its presence felt in the community for quite some time.

The first sense that something was in the air came when Tom and Helen Brigham got a call one evening in late October. The caller asked them if they would take in three Central American men the next day who were seeking refuge in Canada.

The Brighams agreed. Over the next eight months, they housed six refugees in their small farmhouse. "We weren't at all prepared," remembers Helen. "We thought it was going to be maybe a few weeks, maybe a month. Well, after a month, we realized it was going to be at least until after January — everybody was waiting and seeing."

The Brighams, like other members of the community, were waiting to see the effect of Canada's new refugee laws on Jan. 1, 1989. The same thing was going on at ports of entry across Canada — the dispossessed from all over the world were taking what they thought was their last chance to "get in under the wire" before new laws could shut them out. But while tens of thousands of refugees have recently poured into Toronto, Montreal and Vancouver, until last year only a handful had come to New Brunswick. That began changing in October and now approximately 50 refugee claimants, mostly from El Salvador, Guatemala and Honduras, have arrived at the St. Stephen border crossing. More are expected to come.

According to Fredericton lawyer Max Wolfe, who has helped refugees for about four years, this is happening now because things are "very hot" in the United States which is effectively shutting its doors to refugees from war-torn Central America. As a result, the church-based sanctuary movement in the States has developed an underground railroad to help refugees into Canada. It is only recently that it has extended this far east, developing what Wolfe calls "a fairly efficient network" through Maine up to the border.

Oscar Maldonados was one of several refugee claimants who arrived before Christmas. He left El Salvador in 1981

at age 17 to escape having to fight in the brutal civil war there and spent seven years as an illegal alien in Houston, Texas before arriving in St. Stephen. He recalls a warm welcome. "I remember all the people help me — the first day I was here the Salvation Army give me clothes," he says.

Like the other refugees, Maldonados slowly began to "acclimatize" to Canada by studying English with volunteers and enjoying suppers put on by the churches. Some churches raised money at Christmas for presents, the thrift shops donated clothes and the food bank helped host families feed their households.



Refugees are appreciative of the support

After the initial excitement died down and New Year's came and went, most people expected things to get back to normal. The new laws were supposed to discourage further refugee claimants. The ones who had arrived before the new year would be classified as part of Canada's 80,000 refugee backlog and their claims would be processed under the old law within a year. But less than a month later, a family of 13 Salvadorans arrived at St. Stephen's immigration offices and became the first in the province to test the stringent new laws. They were all recognized as bona fide refugees, which gave the cue for more to follow.

Throughout all this, a small informal network evolved in the growing community of dark-skinned, Spanish-speaking people. Tom Brigham has become a

fixture down at the immigration offices, helping translate using the Spanish he learned 20 years ago with the Peace Corps in Ecuador. He's developed a list of questions in Spanish to help the refugees make their stories coherent. Other translators have also come forward. Lawyers have been working for free when covering the second of the two refugee hearings — the government only pays for the first one.

Because the majority of the claimants speak little or no English, the local literacy group, headed by Judy Nicholson, organized a workshop to tutor 26 people.

There have been few outward signs of ill-feeling toward these newcomers in this town of staunch Loyalist heritage, which had a similar experience 10 years ago when a couple of families of "boat people" from Southeast Asia settled there. However, Helen Brigham says there seem to be several prevalent feelings in the town. "One is a great outpouring of help — they bring clothing, they bring cookies, they call up." The other includes "some rednecks who really resent the refugees."

Some resentment may be understandable in a town of 5,000 with unofficial unemployment figures hovering around 30 per cent. But only a couple of the refugees have found any work in the area — almost half of the first "wave" have moved on to Ontario and further. Anglican priest John Harvey says he has not detected a lot of malice but more bewilderment on the part of locals who do not feel they can help and don't understand why these people are here.

Maldonados was one of several who moved on in the spring. As part of the refugee backlog, he will have to return for his hearings but, in the meantime, he has joined his brother in Winnipeg where jobs are more plentiful and he can get welfare to go to school. "I feel good here because the government help us study English," he says. "And in September I will start high school."

While most will move on when their claims are settled, the need for temporary refuge for new arrivals remains. After 10 months of dealing with the first 50 or so claimants, no new families are opening up their homes in the town, due to the exhaustion of limited resources.

Out of this need, a formal refugee aid group has started in nearby Saint John, called People to People. Besides searching out more homes, its members have been raising funds for legal fees, lobbying for refugee rights and liaising with national groups. They see their function as permanent, says member Judith Meinert.

"I think there will be a constant and steady trickle of refugees coming over," she says, "and I think New Brunswick has to get ready for it."

FRANCES MERRILL



# CALL FOR NOMINATIONS

# THE ATLANTIC CANADA

# INNOVATORS



## OF THE YEAR

## AWARDS

## FOR 1989

This year marks the fourth annual Atlantic Canada Innovator of the Year Awards Competition. These awards, jointly sponsored by Atlantic Canada Plus and the Atlantic Provinces Economic Council in cooperation with *Atlantic Insight* magazine, are intended to highlight the achievements of the many innovators who play a key role in Atlantic Canada today.

Innovators are people who come up with new ideas and take fresh approaches which contribute to the quality of life in this region. Previous award winners have included a medical educator who introduced new ways of teaching medical students, the inventors of a unique device which measures the colour of food produce, the organizer of a community group who fired the enthusiasm of a small community on Prince Edward Island, an elected official who encouraged his constituents to help create jobs by setting up a cooperatively-owned factory, and the owner of a small business who made a series of simple but effective innovations in using colours to track files and records. Innovators are found everywhere in Atlantic Canada, in universities, the arts community, research labs, business, local organizations and

government.

A distinguished panel of judges named by the three sponsoring organizations will select candidates for a short list and choose the winner.

The January 1990 issue of *Atlantic Insight* will feature a cover story on the winner and the finalists.

We are soliciting nominations for this award. To nominate a candidate, write us a letter describing the achievements of the nominee and the ways in which he or she meets the awards criteria. Provide as much information as you think appropriate. The deadline is October 2, 1989.

Nominees being considered by the judges for the short list will be contacted and asked to agree that their name should stand for this award.

### AWARDS CRITERIA

The criteria which will be used to assess nominees for the Atlantic Canada Innovator of the Year Awards are as follows:

- originality of the nominee's ideas or activities

- a record of achievements in innovation, indicating the candidate's ability to implement his or her ideas and activities.
- the past, present and anticipated future benefits to Atlantic Canada of the ideas and activities of the innovator (benefits defined include economic, social and cultural)

Nominees for the award must live and work in Atlantic Canada.

Employees and directors of the sponsoring organizations are not eligible for nominations for the awards.

Write in confidence with your nomination to:  
James Lorimer, Publisher  
Atlantic Insight  
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Deadline for nominations: October 2, 1989

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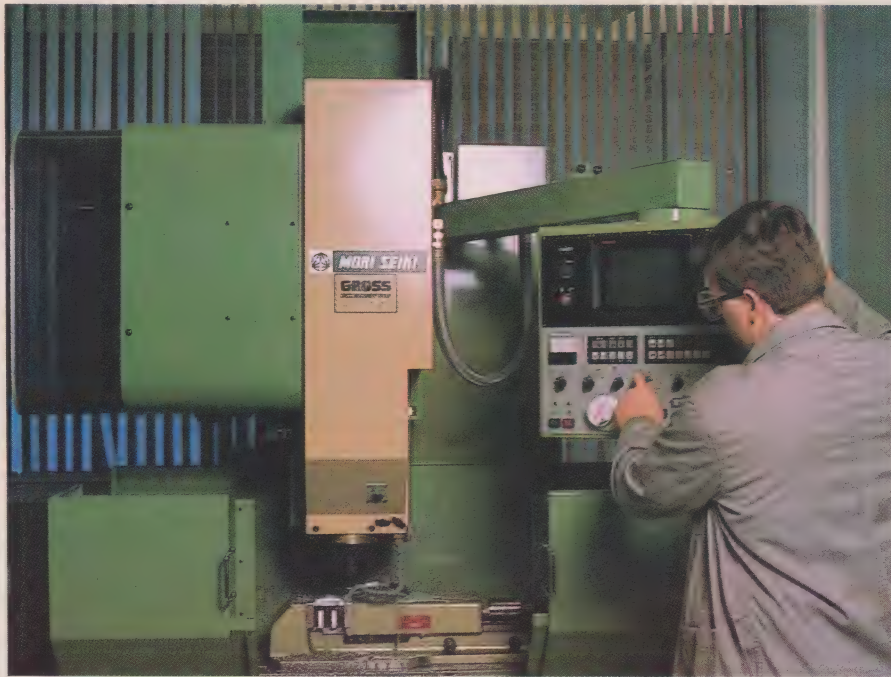
APEC





## Facing the funding crunch

*Scientists say a lack of research and development in the region will be debilitating to the economy if the trend isn't reversed*



PHOTOS BY JOHN DAVIS

Robert Warner, an engineer at TUNS, works with a computer-aided manufacturing unit

by David Holt  
**C**reating standards for oil production platforms to ensure they can withstand the titanic forces of wind, waves and ice is business as usual for researchers at Memorial University in Newfoundland while scientists at the University of New Brunswick routinely create computer programs to fathom the billions of bytes of data about the seafloor that is collected by research ships.

Yet despite such world-class expertise, many leading scientists at universities across the Atlantic region give low marks to the research effort. And they predict dire economic consequences if the trend is not reversed. "Given Canada's present technological lag, there is a real danger that the country could fall hopelessly behind its competitors before the end of the century," says David Strong, academic vice-president of Memorial.

At issue is not the quality of research, but the quantity. There is simply not enough research and development (R&D) to support an economy increasingly dependent on technology. At the core of the problem is a lack of funding. "The overall spending on research in Canada is woefully inadequate," says Kelvin Ogilvie, academic vice-president of Nova Scotia's Acadia University.

Take the fishery, for example, where

an unexpected lack of fish has tied up boats and shut down processing plants. In this case, scientists are admitting they simply don't have enough knowledge to manage fish stocks over the long haul. "The problems in the fishery reflect the fact that Canada's marine resources are largely unmeasured," says Strong. He estimates that technological innovation alone could double the size of the Canadian fishery (now at \$2 billion annually) over the next 20 years. But given current expenditures, that's not likely to happen.

The problem is magnified in the Atlantic provinces where small, underfunded universities must balance research with the need to teach a general curriculum. "In Newfoundland, we're catching up with the rest of Canada but we should be aiming to catch Japan, the United States and western Europe," says Niall Gogan, associate vice-president of research at Memorial.

Indeed, Canada's rate of investment in R&D has stalled in the range of 1.3 per cent of the gross domestic product throughout the 1980s, about half the rate of the United States and well below Japan's goal of four to five per cent. With half the number of scientists and engineers (per capita) of its major competitors, Canada lies at the bottom of the pack of industrialized nations.

Scientists argue that increasing funding for R&D is a necessity — not an option — if Canada is not to fall far behind other developed countries. "We're standing still while everyone around us is spending more and becoming more competitive," says Bob Fournier, vice-president of research services at Dalhousie University in Halifax, N.S.

The sudden decline in the fortunes of the fishery shows that this is not just an academic debate. "As a Maritimer, I'm terribly upset and sympathetic to those who have lost their jobs," Ogilvie says passionately. "But the writing has been on the wall for 10 years. I'm angry with the government which kept the fish plants going without investing in aquaculture and other fisheries research."

Another mainstay of the regional economy, the forest industry, faces stiffening competition from countries such as Brazil where a warmer climate produces faster-growing trees. "In traditional products like low-quality newsprint we will no longer be able to compete," says Ronald Stuart, director of research services at UNB. "We will have to diversify into expensive papers and this will take money for research and development."

Harder to measure are losses to the economy from missed opportunities, the result of a lack of technical innovation and an unwillingness to introduce new technologies to the marketplace. Arthur May, president of the federal Natural Sciences and Engineering Research Council (NSERC), stated in a recent address at Memorial: "We are surrounded by products of research and technology which we take for granted, from watches and microwave ovens to filleting machines and chain saws. . . We import most of them."

Much of the funding for research in Canada comes from the federal government — especially for so-called "pure" research where economic payoffs may not be immediately apparent. The federal government spent \$2.4 billion on R&D in 1988 according to Statistics Canada, while business invested \$3.4 billion, but critics contend that much of the "private sector" funding originated with government. In the Atlantic Canadian universities, about 80 per cent of funding for research comes from federal sources.

The federal government itself runs an extensive network of R&D facilities like the Bedford Institute of Oceanography (BIO) in Nova Scotia and the Institute for Marine Dynamics in Newfoundland. While these centres boast international reputations, direct involvement by the government may not be the most cost-effective way to manage science. "The money going into government labs in Canada is disproportionately high," says Fournier, who sits on a national committee assessing the "value for money" of



scientific work done in several government departments.

In contrast, the provincial governments in the region contribute to R&D at less than half the national rate (Newfoundland funds only five per cent of the research done at Memorial), although there are signs this may be changing. In the last election campaign, the Nova Scotia government promised to increase spending although "there is no strategy on how to spend the money," says Fournier.

The poorest player in funding R&D, critics agree, is the business community, which is constrained by the technical naiveté of many managers and a lack of entrepreneurial initiative. Despite the huge economic pay-offs of research in high-tech and university centres like Boston, Silicon Valley and Waterloo, Ont., "Canadian industry isn't aware their future is tied to R&D," says Ogilvie, whose own research led him to form Canada's first biotechnology firm.

In the stiff national competition for funding, university scientists in Atlantic Canada manage to hold their own. NSERC recently awarded \$1.2 million to researchers at UNB for projects including the development of electrically-controlled artificial limbs, the recovery of naphtha gas from seed potatoes and the use of laser beams to examine the retinas of cataract patients.

At Memorial, a \$350,000 Cold Ocean Productivity Experiment is investigating the carbon flow in the ocean, the basis of the complicated ecology behind the rich fishery in the North Atlantic. Research centres are also breaking new ground in ocean engineering and remote medicine.

At Dalhousie, the centre of medical research in the region, cancer researchers were recently awarded \$400,000 by the Cancer Institute of Canada to study the spread of cancer cells and the effect of X-rays on certain genes. Another Halifax institution, the Technical University of Nova Scotia (TUNS), has become a leader in the development of computer-aided manufacturing.

Special regional initiatives have helped. At Memorial, the Atlantic Canada Opportunities Agency (ACOA) has funded a \$20-million Centre for Fisheries Innovation to work with government and industry on aquaculture and processing methods intended to add value to fish products. And the new centre for earth sciences was funded by the federal-provincial agreement on the offshore.

Despite the proven ability of researchers at Atlantic universities, they remain at a disadvantage because their institutions are poorly supported by the provincial governments, which means that faculty members here are paid less and receive less technical support than many of their counterparts.

This lack of resources contributes to a migration of top talent out of the

region — the so-called "brain drain." "We've lost six top-flight earth scientists — and their funding — in the last few years," says Louis Visentin, Memorial's dean of science. Observes Dalhousie's Fournier, "It's getting harder and harder to keep good people."

While politicians are beginning to grasp the link between science and economic performance, past increases in government R&D budgets are jeopardized by expanding debts. This is leading the federal government, for instance, to reduce, spread out (as is the case with ACOA) or cut funding crucial to research.

Two recent cutbacks promise to hit researchers in the Atlantic provinces especially hard. The established program funding which transferred money to the provinces and helped cover university overhead has been reduced. And the unsolicited proposal program has been cancelled. "This was one of the few ways of funding new ideas," says Strong.



**Funding buys equipment for cell research**

The limited awareness of the link between research and economic performance is a reflection that Canada is not a "science culture," says Ogilvie. "We are intoxicated by our natural resources and haven't looked beyond them." Critics maintain that science is ill-regarded in Canada as it is often portrayed in the media as the creator of problems like pollution rather than as a positive force. A fundamental flaw is that science is not stressed enough in the educational system (enrolment has been dropping in science programs at universities for some time).

Yet the scientific community itself is partly to blame. "Scientists must take a higher profile in articulating the benefits of science and technology, instead of hiding behind lab doors," says Ogilvie.

The dearth of entrepreneurs transferring high-tech ideas from the lab to the marketplace is another disadvantage. "Canadian entrepreneurs are an endangered species," says Visentin. "Instead of investing in new technologies, we put more money into insurance than any other country in the world."

While limited funding is at the heart of Canada's R&D dilemma, simply allocating more money for research will not solve the problem. "Even if we had more money for research, we're short of trained personnel to do the job," says Fournier. "We must either produce more people or import them." One glaring deficiency in most technical fields is the number of women discouraged from entering science and engineering.

Paradoxically, the present limited demand by industry for technical specialists means that many Canadian scientists and engineers leave the country in search of jobs. "In some cases we only educate people to leave for technical opportunities in the U.S.," says Stuart. "We haven't succeeded in developing the industrial structure that demands them."

But you can't boost R&D without changing public attitudes first. "You have to start by exciting young kids at science fairs," says Fournier. "And you have to interest the average guy, because the budget starts with him. Politicians only do what's expected of them."

Ogilvie stresses the value of education in which "universities have to be vehicles of change." At Acadia, he points to programs which bring promising high school students to mix with researchers and business people. The university plans to bring in teachers for refresher courses. TUNS runs an extensive continuing education program which brings technical and business people together in well-publicized seminars on technological advances.

Recently there have been some encouraging signs on the funding front. The present federal government inaugurated a series of scholarships in science and engineering. Dalhousie received money from the provincial government for a Gene Probe Lab for marine research. National Sea Products and Fisheries Products International joined with NSERC to establish a chair in fisheries oceanography at Memorial.

Creating the right mix of personnel, infrastructure and funding for research is a complicated process. Much of the leadership, especially on a regional level, will have to come from within the scientific community. "We're developing a critical mass of scientists in the Atlantic provinces," says Ogilvie.

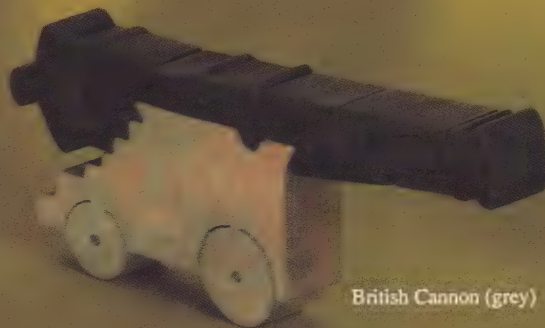
Still, university researchers are faced with a dilemma as they train the next generation of scientists. "I see the potential in R&D for the kids as virtually unlimited," says Strong. "But I have to be straight and tell them they can't count on the funding being there." ☒



# Pieces of History

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## FLASHBACK

# Fishing captains of the high liner tradition

*The omnipotence of captains onboard their ships often extended to their community where they were afforded more respect than the company owners or ministers or doctors*



*The following is an edited excerpt from Net Profits by Stephen Kimber to be published by Nimbus Publishing for National Sea Products Ltd. this fall. Kimber offers a glimpse at some of the captains of National Sea, the fish processing company founded in Lunenburg, N.S.*

**W**hen I asked Bill Morrow (National Sea's chairman) if he'd ever encountered envy or jealousy from other children while growing up in Lunenburg because he was, after all, the son of the boss of the town's largest and most important employer, he seemed genuinely puzzled by the question.

There was, he recalled, no special cachet in being the boss' son. "The people who had the most respect in a community like Lunenburg were the successful fishing captains," he explained simply. "They always had more respect than the doctors or the ministers or any of the officials in the plant."

The best of them were rewarded with titles that were not only indicators of their position in the community but were, in their way, as prestigious and sought after as a knighthood might be in other times and circumstances. In Newfoundland, where they do not waste words, the best skippers were known simply as "fish killers." In Lunenburg and other Nova Scotia ports, they were known as high liners.

The term first came into use almost a century and a half ago to describe a crewman on a fishing vessel who could bait and fill up a bucket of hooks on a long line faster than anyone else. Over time, it came to be used to describe the vessel that caught the most fish each year and every fishing skipper worth his ship wanted to claim the title for himself. In a fishing community, to be a high liner meant that you were, quite simply, the best.

In many ways, the captain of a fishing vessel has always been an all powerful figure. Traditionally, he picked his own crew, decided when to sail, when to return to port and where to fish. Aboard ship, his word was law. But at the same time, his power has always been very directly circumscribed by other realities. Unlike the captain of a navy ship, for instance, the skipper of a fishing vessel has no coercive powers — he has to earn the respect of his men.

What follows isn't an exhaustive look at all of the many important and intriguing "Captain High Liners" who have fished for the company over the years so much as it is a glimpse of a few of the men whose careers seem to illustrate not only their own eras but what has changed — and, as importantly, what has not — in the 90 years since a young Lunenburg highline skipper named Ben Smith got together with some of his family and friends to form a fishing company.

PHOTOS COURTESY OF NIMBUS PUBLISHING



## FLASHBACK

Tom Pittman was a big man. In every way.

Six feet tall and weighing 325 pounds, he could lift a ship's anchor with his bare hands, and he once ended up in court for slugging a Portuguese deckhand who swore at him after Pittman had ordered him to go to work. Pittman was no slouch at curse words himself. National Sea officials, in fact, had to take his radio away from him at one point because they couldn't seem to stop him from cursing on it any other way.

Pittman was also, as almost everyone in Lunenburg will tell you, a fisherman's



**Tom Pittman: a fishermen's fisherman**

fisherman, a Newfoundlander who taught the Lunenburgers all about the fine art of trawler fishing. "He was so good he was sometimes lucky," laughs Willoughby Mills, who worked as a cook on Pittman's vessels. "I remember this one time we were down on St. Pierre Bank in October and the weather was bad so we had to go in to St. Pierre for three, four days in the middle. When we come back out, we only had a little time left to fish but it was still blowing bad so Tom said, 'I guess we'll have to go back and call this one a broker.' So we were coming over Middle Ground when we struck a log or something and bent the propeller a little. Tom said, 'I don't know why, but let's have a try here. So we shot away and this was in the late afternoon. Half an hour later, we haul back. It was around suppertime and I remember looking out the porthole as the doors came up and there in the net was 35,000 pounds of haddock.' Well then, we really started to fish. We only had 'til the next morning before we had to head back. Well, when we got back, we had 160,000 pounds of haddock."

Pittman learned his fisherman's skills the hard way. Born in 1899 in Petit Fort, an outport community in Newfoundland's

Placentia Bay, young Tom's mother died when he was just six years old and he began fishing full time when he was only nine "and couldn't see over the side of the dory."

Although he was technically too young to fight, Pittman lied about his age and signed up for service in World War I. At the end of the war, he came to Halifax where he landed a job as a deckhand aboard a Maritime fish company trawler. He eventually became mate on the *Lemberg*, a Halifax-based trawler captained by Hans Hansen. Partly because there were few opportunities for him to become a captain and partly because the two men got along so well, Pittman remained as Hansen's second-in-command for nearly 20 years until Wallace Smith finally lured him to Lunenburg in 1945 with the opportunity to lead the local industry into the trawler era.

After working for six months as mate aboard each of National Sea's first two trawlers — the *Cape LaHave* and the *Cape North* — Pittman was named skipper of the *North* after its original skipper, Nepean Crouse, died in 1946.

For the next five years, Pittman taught a whole generation of top Lunenburg skippers — including Perry Conrad, Elroy Conrad, Matthew Mitchell and Morris Nowe — the ways of the wheelhouse.

Despite that, and despite what Pittman believed was a promise that he would become captain of the newly built *Cape Argus* in 1951, he was passed over for another skipper personally selected by National Sea's then president, Ralph Bell.

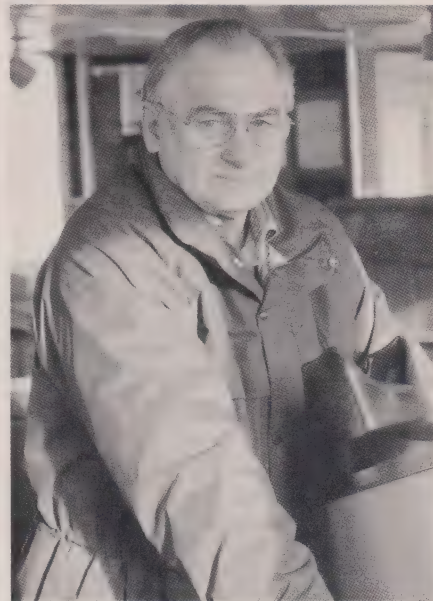
Says National Sea chairman Bill Morrow today: "It's always been one of my regrets that we never honored Tom as well as we should have. Because of the way his association with the company ended, he just drifted away and no tribute was ever paid to the accomplishments he had made."

\*\*\*\*\*

Morris Nowe, who became one of the top highline captains of the 1970s and 1980s, was one of Tom Pittman's disciples. Born near Lunenburg in 1928, Nowe followed his father into the fishing business in 1948 after spending three years seeing the world from the deck of an Imperial Oil tanker. "I always knew I wanted to go fishing," Nowe says today, "but I wanted to do a little travelling first."

After a short stint on one of the last of the wooden schooners to fish out of Halifax, Nowe signed on as a deckhand aboard the Lunenburg-based *Mahaska*, a one time wooden trawler, rum runner and dory vessel that had recently been converted back to trawling. "Working on a dragger was a lot better than the schooners ever were. [On a schooner],

you slept forward in this little hold — maybe 12 guys in a tiny hold with an oil stove that was always flooding and smelling it up, with water in the bilge and one toilet. To go aft to get a meal, you had to get dressed and go out even in bad weather. Nowadays, you can stand watch



**Nowe: more money in the wheelhouse**

in your bedroom slippers. I'm not kidding. Some of these guys get up, roll out of their bunk, get a coffee, an apple or an orange and wander out to stand watch without even putting on a pair of shoes."

Even aboard the draggers, however, life was no picnic. "We dressed all the fish on deck," Nowe remembers, "and the ice would freeze right on your back and on your head. I remember lots of times going for a meal and you'd take off your sou'wester and it'd be caked in ice. The work was cold and wet." He pauses again. "Nowadays, everything happens inside."

Nowe lasted six months aboard the *Mahaska* which, not coincidentally, was as long as the boat itself lasted. "I'd got enough money together to buy my first car — a 1949 Pontiac — and so I decided to take a trip off to learn how to drive it." While Nowe was ashore mastering the intricacies of the automobile, the *Mahaska* was lost at sea during a fishing trip. Although no one died in the accident, everyone's gear, including Nowe's, went down with the vessel. "In those days," says Nowe, "you supplied all your own gear. The only thing the company supplied was the mattress."

His early years at sea convinced Nowe that he wanted to be something more than just a deckhand. "I tried working as a cook for six months aboard the *Cape LaHave* but all that did was convince me that there was more money to be made in the wheelhouse."

The quickest, surest route to the



wheelhouse was to apprentice with a highline skipper or mate — “to let them know you’re willing to do extra work, to learn what you need to know” — so Nowe switched vessels and joined the *Cape Scateri*, another wooden trawler with a skipper less familiar with the ways of demon rum. Although he began there as a deckhand, he was soon promoted to bosun, a junior officer who acts as the master’s assistant during a watch. “What you did depended on what was going on,” Nowe remembers. “When there was plenty of fish, you worked on deck with the deckhands, but when fish was scarce

learned to keep a record in a writing tablet every day — where you were, longitude and latitude, what you caught and what you knew about what other ones caught — and then keep an index. If you were out on a blind run, you’d go back to your book. The fish tend to have favorite spots where they settle and spawn and you had to know where they was because you were the one who was responsible to make sure it was a good trip.”

In 1955, with top jobs on trawlers in short supply and Nowe itching for a command of his own, he and a group of Cape Breton investors teamed up to build

know how we did and he said he would decide then what to do next. So I sent him the telegram and he sent me one back. ‘Carry on’ was all it said.”

Thanks in no small part to Nowe’s growing reputation as a fish-finding skipper, National Sea tapped him to become master of one of its steel side trawlers, the *Cape Hood*. For the rest of his career, in fact, Nowe got first choice of new ships in National Sea’s expanding fleet.

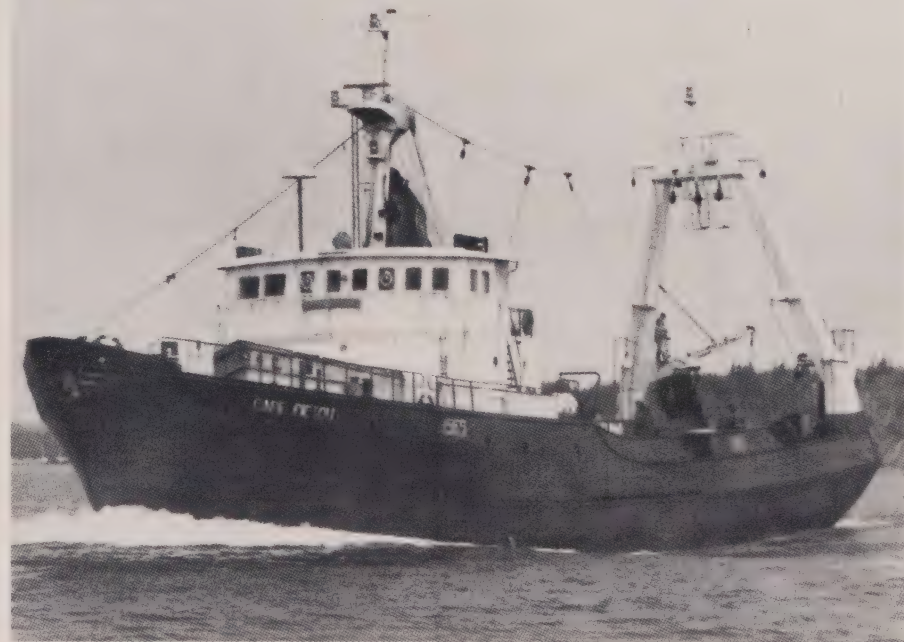
Unfortunately, during sea trials for one new vessel, Nowe was involved in a tragic accident. Nowe was taking the *Cape Beaver* out for its maiden voyage on July 31, 1980 when it collided with *Margaret Jane*, an aging scalloper, in a thick fog near the approaches to Lunenburg Harbour. The *Margaret Jane* was heading home to Lunenburg from the Georges Bank with a sick crew member when the *Beaver* sliced through the older vessel, cutting it in half, and forcing her 18-man crew to try to abandon the vessel. The *Margaret Jane* sank in less than two minutes. Four of the men didn’t make it to safety.

To make this personal tragedy a more public one, the whole event was recorded by an NBC-TV crew from the U.S., which was aboard the *Cape Beaver* preparing a report on a disputed U.S.-Canada fishing treaty. Within seconds of the collision, the crew began recording the dramatic scene as members of the *Margaret Jane*’s crew scrambled off their sinking ship and were pulled aboard the *Beaver*. The footage was shown on newscasts throughout North America.

Testimony at a subsequent federal inquiry into the incident, indicated that the *Margaret Jane*, which was not equipped with radar reflectors that would have made it easier to see on radar screens, may not have appeared on one of the two radar screens aboard the *Beaver*.

Although Jeff Weinstock, the NBC cameraman who testified at the inquiry, said that the atmosphere in the wheelhouse prior to the collision was “strictly business — from the time there was question of something on the radar screen, I don’t think anyone relaxed” — the inquiry commissioner, Mr. Justice Gordon Cooper of the Nova Scotia Supreme Court, found that both Morris Nowe and the captain of the *Margaret Jane* had made errors in judgement and committed what were termed wrongful acts. Nowe was suspended for six months and National Sea was fined \$15,000 (the captain of the *Mary Jane* had his licence suspended for three months and his company was fined \$7,500).

For Morris Nowe, however, the sinking of the *Margaret Jane* was an emotionally scarring and personally traumatizing episode. “It took me two to three years just to get myself back to normal after that,” Nowe says today. “I’ll never forget it.” Captain Nowe retired in 1988 and still lives in Lunenburg. ☒



Life aboard trawlers was hard but a big improvement over the days of sailing schooners

you might go up in the wheelhouse and take over, under direction, while the skipper rested.”

Nowe’s climb up the ship’s ladder was temporarily sidetracked less than a year later when a change of masters left the *Scateri* in the hands of an inexperienced captain. “We had a ‘broker’ of a trip and we came back with no money,” Nowe recalls. “When they asked what went wrong, this fellow said it was the crew’s fault, that we wouldn’t work with him. Well, the company decided to send one of their key skippers out with us on the next trip to see what was really going on. And, of course, the one that they sent was Tom Pittman. He made the trip with us and within 24 hours we had 80,000 pounds of haddock.”

After radioing that information to his bosses ashore — “he had to repeat it to them to convince them it was no joke” — Pittman added with a flourish, “I’m telling you,” he declared, “a finer bunch of young men I’ve never worked with.”

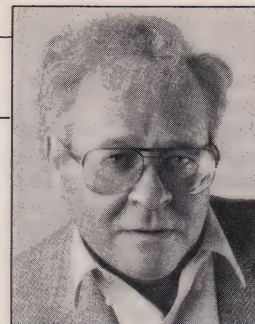
One of the most crucial lessons he learned from Pittman was the importance of keeping detailed notes of his experiences on the fishing grounds. “You

a 60-foot vessel he named the *Barbara Kathleen* after his wife and mother. Five years later, the *Barbara Kathleen* caught fire in Newfoundland’s Port au Port Bay — a furnace flooded in the freshly painted engine room — and Nowe and his crew had to be rescued by a local fisherman. “I didn’t mind until I got off and I was on the dock. Then I got the shakes just thinking how close I came.”

When Nowe and his investors couldn’t agree on how large a replacement vessel to build, Nowe returned to Lunenburg and soon landed a job as a mate and part-time skipper aboard the *Cape George*, a dragger skippered and partly owned by another legendary Nova Scotia fishing master, Captain Harry Demone. “He was a rough old fellow,” Nowe remembers, “but we got along.”

Their relationship was helped by the fact that when Nowe made his first trip aboard the vessel as relieving skipper, he returned with the “holds filled with fish and fish on the decks. She was about four or five years old then and that was the first time that had ever happened. I remember he was away and he told me to send him a telegram the day we got in to let him





## A perfect summer of the mind

**A**lways, there has been a place in my life called "the cottage." The cottage was "the cottage" even in the years when it was a different one every summer. It wasn't a building, it was an idea, the idea of abandoning hot, stinky Toronto for a lakeside cabin in the clean north. Our family rarely rented the same cottage two years running, but we always went to the same lake — Sand Lake. There may be as many Sand Lakes in Ontario as there are Salmon Rivers in the Maritimes but this one, which was as round and shiny as a dinner plate, was 220 kilometres north of the city, near Kearney.

It was haunted by loons, infested with mosquitoes and the natural home of disgusting black bloodsuckers. When the sun plunged behind the wilderness in the west, Sand Lake turned pink and shimmering. Minutes later, dancing fireflies encircled its slick, black surface. It was from Sand Lake that the Magnetewan River — still as mysterious as it must have been when the Ojibwa travelled it centuries before — made its lazy way to Georgian Bay.

We always went north by train and, as it trundled through Ontario's most famous resort country, the excitement grew till my two brothers and I could hardly bear it and our mother could hardly bear us. (Our father usually came up a week later.) It wasn't until the train pulled out of Novar and headed for Elmsdale that we knew we were getting close to Kearney. A strange man with a car would be waiting to drive us over a dirt road to heaven.

Once, the train slowed down at Kearney but failed to stop. I had to get to "the cottage." I jumped off. I didn't even fall down but I'll never forget the fear in the white face of the conductor who grabbed me. When bonehead boys jumped off moving trains, he hissed, they usually got dragged underneath and then the steel wheels cut off their legs. The train stopped after a while and my mother and brothers walked back along the tracks with our luggage.

The cottage I remember best was one of several musty log cabins in a cluster. You could pluck chunks of dried cement from the grooves between the logs, and the tenants of all the cabins shared them with such hordes of mice that the place lives in family lore as "The Mouse Cottages." That's where my mother used a wood stove and raspberries I had just picked to make a pie so good that, almost half a century later, I can still taste it.

The trouble with going to "the cottage" was that, the moment you arrived, you began to fret about how soon you'd have to leave. While birch crackled in the kitchen stove and pancakes sizzled at breakfast, while I played rummy by coal-oil lantern or knocked about in a leaky punt under singing trees, while I routed the evil sheriff in my own Sherwood Forest and even as I lifted a forkful of that raspberry pie to my mouth, a cold bell would ring in the far schoolyard of my mind. It was a signal. Labor Day was yawning, getting to its feet, slouching toward me. All this would end.

---

*My mother used  
a wood stove and  
raspberries I had  
just picked to  
make a pie so  
good that, almost  
a half century  
later, I can still  
taste it*

---

I haven't been to Sand Lake since movie audiences first saw *State Fair* and first heard *It's a Grand Night for Singing*. But in 1964, when The Beatles were singing *Love me, Do*, my wife and I bought a cottage on Toronto Island from an old couple who'd been loving it since before we were born. They left a piano bench and it held so much evidence of irrevocable pleasure that it made me think old cottages may be the greatest untapped repositories of social history in the country.

When families move from house to house they take all their junk with them, throw it out or give it away. But they leave stuff at the cottage. They've always left stuff at the cottage. It is an informal

family museum and the pile in the piano bench had grown year by year. It included *The Empire Book of Favourite Songs*, *The At-a-Glance Illustrated Self-instructor for Ukulele and Ukulele Banjo*, *Smith's Peerless Collection of Mountain Ballads and Cowboy Songs* and sheet music for songs from movies and shows that featured the talents of Bert Lahr, Eddie Cantor, Ruby Keeler, Jolson, Beatrice Lillie, Rudy Vallee, Hoagy Carmichael, Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers.

We left Toronto in 1971, and then paid Clayton Hart, a superior carpenter who happens to be a cousin of mine, to build what would forever be "the cottage." It stands on the edge of a fir-covered bluff that overlooks Chedabucto Bay in Guysborough County, N.S. For a dozen summers, we romped there with our three kids. We played games by the light of kerosene lamps, swam naked in the icy bay, built bonfires, cut trails, took hikes and sailed *Moonshadow* out among the marching whitecaps of the great bay. The cottage was a place for laughing, reminiscing and snoring.

Now that our children have grown up and moved back to Toronto, the cottage often seems gloomy. The *Archie* comics and *Mad* magazines gather dust and so do the boxes that hold Scrabble, Monopoly, Clue, checkers and dominoes. The hammock's in the tool room, the badminton and snorkeling gear are in the loft and the pony posters are still on the walls.

Mixed with the sound of ocean surf, voices of children come to me. But they're other people's children and it's lonely here at the cottage. Charles Gordon, an Ottawa newspaperman who recently wrote a wise, funny book called *At The Cottage*, understands cottage melancholy.

At summer's end, he writes, "There is regret at the fun being over. And there is regret at the fun never having started, at least not in the way you thought it would...There is a summer of the mind that is part childhood memory, part beer commercial. The long drive home on Labor Day is the sadder for having to mull over, during the usual traffic delays, the knowledge that the summer of the mind, the summer of non-stop fun, will have to wait until next year."

Maybe so, but this coming August, our children, our daughter-in-law, and our two little granddaughters will all be staying exactly where I want them to stay. On the shores of Chedabucto Bay. At the cottage. Let the summer of the mind begin once more.



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# The wave-lined edge of home

*Preserving Prince Edward Island's natural heritage has not been an easy task but for Diane Griffin and the Island Nature Trust it is their commitment to future generations*

by Lorraine Begley



BARRETT & MACKAY PHOTOGRAPHERS

**R**eturn migration. Coming home. Planners and politicians are acutely aware that nothing so challenges the steadiness of the status quo as the return of the exile. It happened in the 1930s in the Maritimes, when the Great Crash in the United States economy sent thousands from the region back home to the farm. The closing years of the 1980s have something of the same feel. In the 1970s and early '80s, graduates of Atlantic Canadian high schools, colleges and universities poured out of the region for Alberta as though a stint in Calgary or Edmonton was a post graduate requirement.

But as Alberta itself has become better acquainted with unemployment in recent years, Atlantic Canadians have been gradually re-tracing their steps, coming home. Some returned for other reasons. And, while the results of this return migration are not yet known, the Island Nature Trust and its home-from-the-west director, Diane Griffin, are a telling case in point.

Diane Griffin is the eldest of eight children from a dairy farm in Travellers Rest, near Summerside, P.E.I., and a graduate in biology from St. Dunstan's University (now the University of Prince Edward Island). She is also the executive director and the mainstay of an organization, founded in 1979, which in its first decade has won the respect of land conservationists across Canada.

This June, the 10-year-old Island Nature Trust received the Canadian Nature Federation's 1989 award for outstanding effort in conservation. Last year "the Trust," as it's often called, received one of three awards from the Canadian Council on Ecological Areas as well as a National Heritage Award from the federal government. Largely as a result of the group's efforts, P.E.I. is the first Canadian province to adopt a conservation strategy. Other nature trusts are now moving towards formation in a number of provinces, many of them based on the Island's organization.

The land conservation situation on P.E.I. has not always been so buoyant, as



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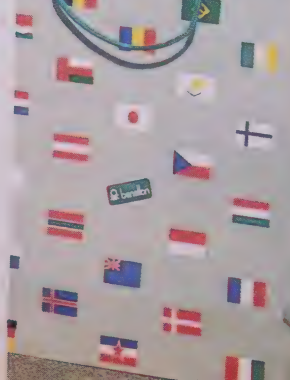
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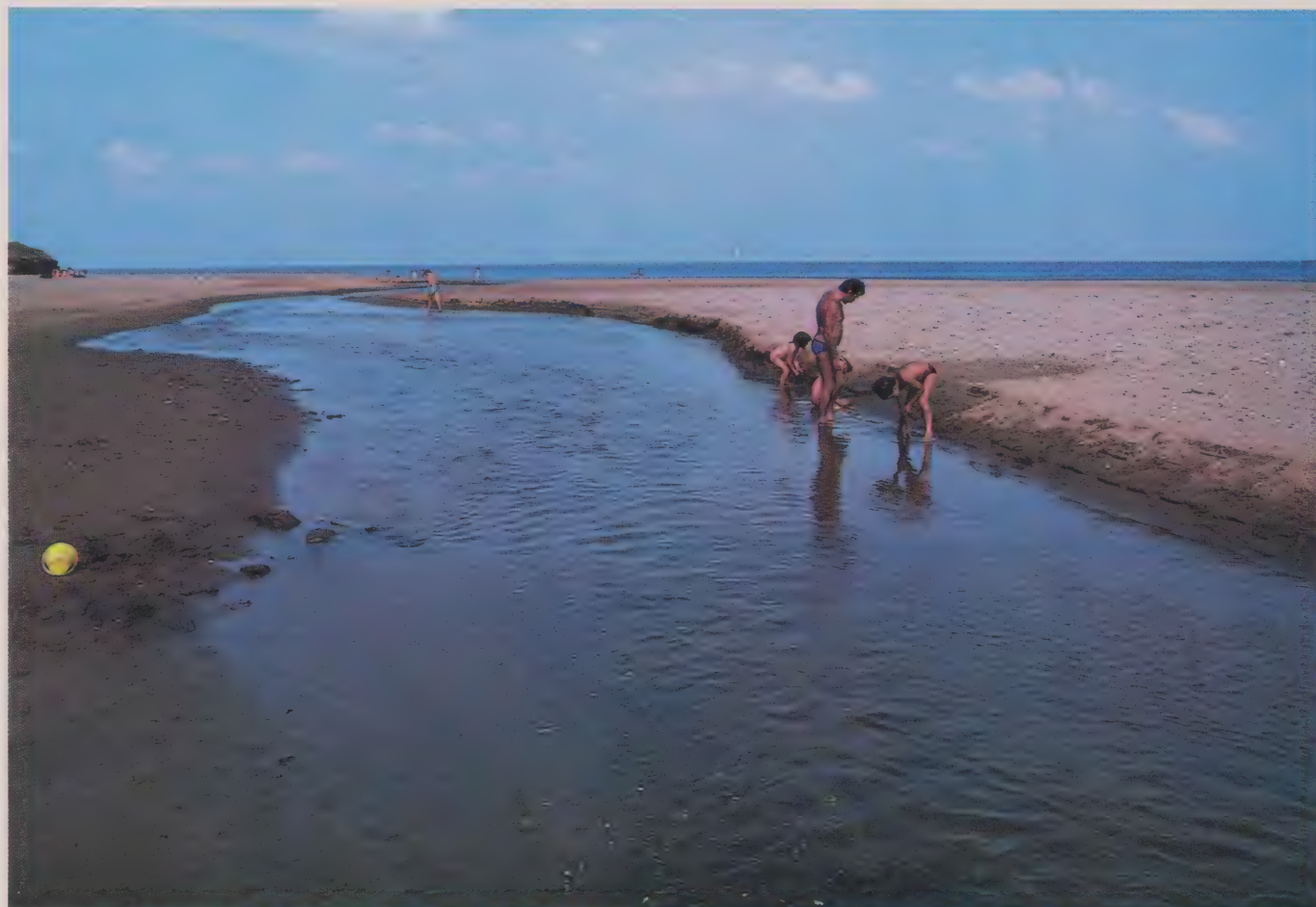
Griffin well knows. After graduating from St. Dunstan's in 1969, she worked for a time on the Maritime section of the International Biological Program under the direction of U.P.E.I. professor and later founding Trust president, Ian MacQuarrie. The program was responsible, in 1974, for recommending 14 Island sites as ecological reserves. Griffin

Use Commission and, as a result, the permission to proceed was temporarily rescinded. Local MLAs who had identified themselves with the development were not amused and — as it turned out — the Committee had signed its own execution order.

Daryl Guignon was a member of that committee. "It became quite evident that

Alberta government," she says without remorse.

Back at home, the Island Nature Trust was forming out of the ashes of the Oultons Island debacle. Not long after the subdivision development was approved, a group of former Advisory Committee members and local citizens met to draw up plans for an organization to deal with



MICHAEL CREAGEN

"Our coastline is the only thing we have that approaches wilderness in this province," Griffin says of P.E.I.'s natural border

thought she could make a contribution to this preservation program. As supervisor of interpretation with the Department of Tourism, Parks and Conservation for four years in the mid-1970s, she served on a government body known as the Natural Areas Advisory Committee. The committee's only legacy, however, turned out to be exposing the real extent of the land use problem on P.E.I.

The committee was appointed by Gilbert Clements when he was provincial minister of Tourism, Parks and Conservation. Not long after its establishment as an advisory body to the minister, committee members expressed some doubts about a deal in which the provincial government gave a Summerside real estate developer permission to build an 80-lot subdivision on the 211-acre Oultons Island off the north shore of western P.E.I. The committee protested the development decision to the Prince Edward Island Land

an advisory committee which publicly opposed government decisions might have a short life span," says the U.P.E.I. biology professor. "Our committee was informed that we were to be terminated." The P.E.I. Supreme Court subsequently reversed the anti-development decision and subdivision approval for Oultons Island was soon granted.

Griffin, meanwhile, was experiencing similar frustrations at the Department of Tourism, Parks and Conservation. The department didn't seem to have the "commitment" or the "momentum" to follow through on land preservation initiatives, she says.

In 1977 she "took the train for Bangor, Maine," as an old P.E.I. folk song puts it, and headed for Alberta. Before long, she found herself in what she describes as the "cushy" position of natural areas co-ordinator for the government of Alberta. "It was one of the nicest jobs in the

the protection of Island natural areas — an organization that would be beyond government control.

The Island Nature Trust's program focused on 60 specific sites which are called "candidate natural areas." These include the 14 locations recommended by the International Biological Program in 1974, as well as nearly four dozen other sites which were recommended as a result of studies carried out at U.P.E.I. The total area amounts to 16,740 acres, or approximately one per cent of the Island's total acreage, a percentage which is comparable to that set aside by other provinces as ecological reserves.

So far, only 1,074 of these 16,000-plus natural-area acres have actually been designated as such by the provincial government. And of the 60 candidate areas, only 12 are protected by legislation. These are owned either by the provincial government or the Trust. Most of the other



48 are not even in government hands. It's a perfect recipe for the kind of conflicts between real estate developers and conservationists for which the Trust has become known.

The conflicts themselves are predictable enough. The Island Nature Trust is dedicated to protecting lands which are representative or exceptional examples of P.E.I.'s natural heritage. These same natural features make the sites especially attractive to land speculators with an eye to the urban New England market for unique, unspoiled land. The margin between purchase and sale price in that market is wide enough to invite speculators to lock horns with one of the few Island organizations dedicated to standing in the way of this kind of "development by land flip."

By 1984 Trust members were finding that these conflicts cast them as brushfire specialists at the expense of carrying out their real mandate — acquiring lands to hold in trust for future generations and managing these lands as examples of sustainable and appropriate use. Some development battles were lost, some won. But even those that concluded favorably still wound up with the sites in question remaining unprotected by the provincial government. And each battle took such a toll on the time and energy of the members that it compromised the Trust's ability to mount such efforts in the future.

Dan McAskill was president of the Island Nature Trust in 1984. It was becoming clear, he says, that a full-time executive director was needed if the Trust, and not land speculators, was to set the agenda for natural area conservation in P.E.I. It was time, says McAskill, "for a changed method of trying things."

Across the country, Diane Griffin wasn't as far from home as the distance between Ellerslie and Edmonton might indicate. Since 1977 she had stayed in close contact with people in P.E.I. and was well aware of what had been taking place in the fields of land conservation and development.

When the time came to hire a director for the Island Nature Trust, Griffin seemed the perfect choice. The Trust had 16 board members and she had either worked with, gone to school with or studied under 14 of them. Several of her friends in the organization contacted her and in June, 1984, at a fraction of her Alberta benefits, she took up the position of executive director of the Island Nature Trust. She, her husband Kevin and their daughter Sharleen headed home.

"Like most Islanders, when we went to Alberta, we did intend to come home someday," she says. "It was always in the back of our minds." She also sensed potential in land conservation on the Island where there had only been inertia in the '70s. She felt herself drawn, she explains, to "the challenge of actually making it happen."

It has been happening. Within a year of Griffin's appointment at the Trust, the organization purchased its first parcel of land for management and protection. The 142 acres of the site at Deroche Pond in northeastern Queens County were pur-

candidate natural areas to discuss voluntary protection of their important natural sites. Other projects include the designation of Scenic Heritage roads, the Royalty Oaks nature trail, educational programs in the schools and publications on the



Griffin and Island Trust staff are concentrating on land acquisition and management

chased for \$100,000 — no small achievement for a group whose average annual revenue until 1984 had been \$985. "Getting that first property was really important," says Griffin. "It gave everybody confidence."

As a member of the ill-fated advisory committee, a past president of the Trust and Griffin's former professor, Guignon has seen this whole story unfold. "Gradually, as Diane took over, she started to raise more funds and to tap people for more money," he says. "She got projects of all descriptions going and money from all over the place."

The Trust's program has also changed dramatically. Its annual budget is now close to \$250,000. More than \$50,000 of this comes through contract work with the provincial government. One of the main projects is the Landowner Contact Program. Through it, Trust staff members communicate with the owners of

natural areas.

Funding has come from individual memberships, private donations, bird seed sales, an annual dinner and auction, contract work with the Nature Conservatory, the National Research Council and the Federal Department of Employment and Immigration as well as from co-funding with other organizations and corporate donations from such sponsors as Island Tel, Maritime Electric, Imperial Esso and Diagnostic Chemicals Limited.

The organization's new thinking is also reflected in changes in its board of directors. In its early years almost all of the Trust's leaders were biologists of one sort or another. Now only about one third of the directors have biology backgrounds and are offset by a former premier, an MLA or two and former federal cabinet ministers, among whose number is Tom McMillan, ex-environment minister and chair of the Canadian Chamber of Com-





So far only 1,074 of Prince Edward Island's 16,000 plus natural-area acres have been designated as such by the provincial government

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It's hardly the stuff of which revolutions are made. But neither has the Island Nature Trust become the stuff of dreams for speculators specializing in land flip fraud.

Griffin's trip to New York in the spring of 1988 is a case in point. She took the trip, she says, just to snoop around and see first-hand some projects that had been listed on the resumé of a consortium of U.S. developers. The developers, in particular Mark and Ed Wolf, were pro-

Boughton Island) have cost the provincial government at least \$185,000. The Trust incurred \$80,000 in legal fees over Greenwich and, as a result, used up funds which could otherwise have been financing the acquisition of natural areas. This kind of land development spending, says Griffin, "doesn't result in any local benefit. It doesn't help the local population, it just frustrates them."

Griffin says the Trust is anxious to leave the Greenwich situation behind and return — as with its re-organization in



BARRETT & MACKAY PHOTOGRAPHERS

When she gave up her "cushy" job in Alberta, Griffin came home to "make it happen"

posing to turn the Greenwich Peninsula — one of the 14 original candidate natural areas — into a tourist resort extraordinaire. The area, near St. Peters, consists of 740 acres and is known not only for its magnificent migratory bird populations but also for a wandering sand dune ecosystem which is one of the most unusual along the Eastern Seaboard. Diane Griffin returned from New York to testify before the Land Use Commission that the elaborate-sounding developments put forward by the Wolfs consisted of three house lots, six unimproved acres and some real estate-related legal work. It was a dramatic moment, one of several during the hearing from which the consortium's proponents did not recover.

The Greenwich debate vaulted the Island Nature Trust before the public. But it's not the way the Trust or Diane Griffin prefer to do business. She estimates that this and another embroilment (over

1984 — to concentrating on land acquisition and management. "Once you get the important areas set aside or zoned 'protected' by whatever means, developers know where they stand and conservationists know where they stand. Then we can go ahead and do management plans for those areas that are to be protected as wildlife habitat and have them properly looked after. And the developer can go ahead and put up a subdivision somewhere else."

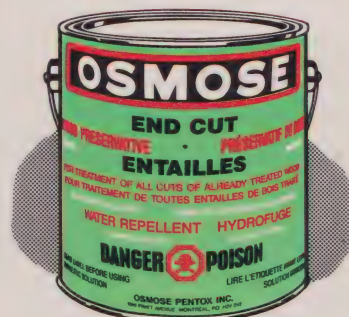
Reluctant radicals? In Diane Griffin's opinion, it has more to do with understanding the Island. "Our coastline is the only thing we have that approaches wilderness in this province," she explains. "We don't have a lot of options left."

The late Milton Acorn understood that feeling when he wrote in "The Island," after having moved from P.E.I. himself, about the importance of understanding "the wave-lined edge of home."

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# ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT



BETH POWNING

## Soaring over Sussex at the Atlantic Balloon Fiesta

*Giant, multi-colored balloons, handmade kites and skydivers set the scene for a fall fiesta in New Brunswick's dairy town*

*by Beth Powning*

**V**ery early on a cool, September morning, the five valleys that converge in Sussex are white with mist. Goldenrod is heavy-headed, dripping with dew. Cows graze, almost indistinct in the fog, and a rooster crows. Just as the sun rises, hot-air balloons begin floating soundlessly, one by one, out of

the sea of mist. They pass the spire of the Anglican church, rise over the lush maples and soar high into the clear, blue skies of a perfect day.

New Brunswick's third annual Atlantic Balloon Fiesta began that way last year and organizers pray that the weather will be just as co-operative for the 1989 fiesta

on Sept. 15, 16 and 17. Unlike most of Atlantic Canada's other fall fairs, this one depends on clear skies and low winds. The giant, multi-colored balloons can only launch in winds of less than seven miles per hour.

Sussex and September have proven to be the ideal combination for a ballooning



festival. The town is geographically well situated — at the conjunction of five valleys — so that a pilot can head in any direction without worrying about where the wind is coming from. All of the valleys are checkerboards of farm fields and, since the crops have already been harvested, there are plenty of good landing sites. In September the winds in the area are usually low and records indicate that it's also the month with the lowest amount of rainfall. "Balloonists," says fiesta president Art Goold, "are very happy with the area."

It was Saint John balloonist Doug Shippee, pilot of the Marco Polo and the fiesta's current "balloon-meister," who recognized Sussex's potential and approached the town's Chamber of Commerce in 1985. Goold says the dairy town took to the idea enthusiastically even though "no one in Sussex had ever had anything to do with ballooning." Today the event attracts balloonists from both Canada and the United States as well as the largest crowds Sussex has ever seen — 20,000 on the Saturday afternoon of last year's competition.

This year, as many as 20 balloons and their pilots and crews are expected from New England, Quebec, Ontario, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island. They come to Sussex not only for its flying terrain but also for an event which has earned an impressive reputation.

The balloonists are welcomed to Sussex by crowds packing Main Street for a kick-off parade. Two bands escort the balloonists who ride in their baskets (earthbound in the backs of pick-up trucks) and fire up their burners as they go. Although the crews spend some of the daylight hours catching up on sleep, their non-flying time is busy with brunches, receptions and hospitality evenings.

In the air, there's little time for aimless drifting. In the Hare and Hound Chase, one balloon launches before the others and the balloon landing closest to "the hare" wins. Another competition features a Bean Bag Drop on a large X on the ground. In the \$10,000 Cow Tipping Contest, a pole with a milk can attached rises 20 feet above an eight-foot wooden cow on the ground. If a balloon drifts close enough to the cow, the crews hurl a weighted marker at the can. And if it happens to drop in the bucket, the crew is \$10,000 richer. Since the balloons have no lateral control, the chances of hitting the bucket are slim but last year a crew managed to hit the target while thousands cheered, far below.

All of these contests test a pilot's ability to float over a specific target. It's a real challenge, since the pilot's only direct control is to make the balloon either rise or descend. He does this by adjusting the temperature of the air inside the "envelope," which changes the weight of the enclosed air.

It's the responsibility of the balloon-



Thousands of spectators from near and far turn out to watch the early morning lift-off



Balloonists lift off early in the morning when the sky is clear and the wind is calm

meister to tell pilots when and where to fly. The balloons can only launch at sunrise and dusk, when there's the least amount of wind. At every launch, all of the balloons go up and hundreds of cars fan across the countryside, chasing the balloons for 10 or 15 miles. The aim of spectators is to witness a landing in a farmer's field, when tradition dictates both a bottle of champagne for the pilot and crew and a bottle of champagne for the farmer.

What's it like in a balloon? "It's really odd," says organizer Greg Homenick. "There's no feeling of movement. There's no sound."

There is plenty of sound below, as the town's largest family event of the year gets under way. There's a run on breakfasts, of course. One restaurant served 1,800 eggs during the weekend. Motels are full with people coming from as far away as Boston, Mass. The Legion's Fall Fair is also in full gear, with carnival rides during the day and stepdancing and fiddling contests in the evening. Next to the Princess Louise Park where the balloons launch, the Sussex bandstand is alive all weekend long with cloggers, country and western singers, magicians and lip-sync competitions. Under the trees, a huge tent houses a craft fair with



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DONALD MORROW

**Colorful balloons soar silently above the valley and checkerboard farms of Sussex, N.B.**

exhibitors from Nova Scotia, P.E.I., New Brunswick and Newfoundland selling blown glass, pottery, batik and woven goods. Food stands and a barbecue pit cater to hungry spectators and, this year, organizers are planning a farmers' market.

For several weeks before the fiesta, 100 or more children attend kite-making workshops in Sussex. On Saturday afternoon, all the kites take to the air, with prizes for best design and flying skills. That day, skydivers also demonstrate precision jumping along with a model airplane show and a beer garden with song sheets and singalongs. "Maybe a thousand people turned out for the three-legged ice cream relay race," estimates Homenick of last year's fiesta. "Over 200 kids showed up — we had to run three heats."

Every year, there's a surprise balloon. One year, the actual balloon envelope was in the shape of a house. Another year, it was a pink elephant complete with a trunk and four legs. No one's telling what it will be this year.

Last year there was another surprise. Nova Scotian Chuck Leftley called from Halifax, N.S. to see if she and her fiancé could be married in a balloon. "We got into high gear," says Goold, who came up with a marriage licence and a justice of the peace. The couple was married in a tethered balloon decorated with sprays of flowers. Appropriately, the bride flung her bouquet from the balloon's basket.

Each night as darkness falls, crowds gather to watch the spectacle of the Moon Glow. Balloons are tethered and inflated. As flames fill the envelopes, the vast, colorful balloons glow and shimmer, as ethereal and mysterious in the warm darkness as they were drifting silently over the peaceful rural landscape.

Ballooning is a new concept for this region, but a fitting one. Working with the wind is a little like working with the soil and people living in these quiet valleys know the satisfaction of a successful harvest. As the balloons tremble like thistledown, tugged by gentle currents of air, they celebrate the dream of perfect harmony with nature. ☒



# Sea shanties and salt air

Folk musicians from far and wide are "coming home" for Nova Scotia's fourth annual Lunenburg Folk Harbour Festival



PHOTOS BY CHRIS REARDON

Jennifer Munsen and Lennie Gallant say Lunenburg has the right atmosphere for folk music

by Tim Carlson

John Houston gets a feeling of "intense, quiet excitement" when the August sun is setting on the Lunenburg Harbour, sails are seen in the distance and the chorus of a traditional sea shanty is punctuated with the cry of gulls and the tang of salt sea air. All of the senses are stimulated by the scene and, as the president of the Lunenburg Folk Harbour Society knows, the feeling that is distilled is the essence of folk music.

Nova Scotia's Lunenburg Folk Harbour Festival, from Aug. 10 to 13, may not bring in the numbers, dollars and stars of the Toronto Mariposa or the Winnipeg or Vancouver festivals but it does have a natural ambience that surpasses sheer glamor.

"This is not Yasgur's farm and we're not trying to build a Woodstock nation," says Houston. But what the society has built is a place where folk music, both the traditional songs of life on or by the sea and the contemporary styles that grew out of it, can "come home" for a four-day party every summer.

As Jim Pittman, one of Folk Harbour's founders explains, it was out of the traditional rivalry between Lunenburg and the Massachusetts town of Gloucester that the festival was born. "The rivalry

goes back a long way to the schooner races with the *Bluenose* and the international dory races," says the Newfoundland native, who makes his living on the trawler, the *Mersey Venture*. "Peter Marston and the crew of the *Mimi* exposed us to the folk festival and boy o' boys if it didn't catch on here."

Marston, who has collected folk songs in New England for more than 30 years, invited Pittman and friend Bill Plaskett to perform at the Gloucester Folklife Festival in 1982, '83 and '84. Naturally, they sailed home thinking, "Well, if they can do it in Gloucester. . ."

From there, the festival was built on the metaphor of a folk harbor. "Folk Harbour, you see, is an imaginary place," says Houston. "We sat down and drew it on a cocktail napkin. We thought of the whole Atlantic Ocean as a bay and the [Lunenburg] harbor as the head of the bay. The music from all around the bay — the South Shore, the rest of Nova Scotia, to Newfoundland to the Eastern Seaboard, then over to Brittany and Ireland and down to the Caribbean — comes home to the harbor. It's a bit presumptuous of us, perhaps, but it's a nice idea."

The musicians think so. "Folk Harbour is the most picturesque festival

I've played," says Lennie Gallant, a P.E.I. singer/songwriter who performed at Expo '86 and the Vancouver and Winnipeg festivals. "It's the proper atmosphere for folk music."

But what counts more than atmosphere to the musicians who play the festival is that their music is being taken seriously. For Clary Croft, best known for keeping the Helen Creighton catalogue of folk material alive, playing Folk Harbour is like "preaching to the converted."

"I've found audiences there are always warm and appreciative, but also knowledgeable," says Croft, who will be returning to perform for the fourth time this summer. "Often the audience knows as much or more about the songs as the performer does and that's challenging. It keeps you on your toes."



Clary Croft: preaching to the converted

He also likes the fact that the music isn't just a soundtrack for a party thrown in honor of tourism. "A music festival should be a party but the music shouldn't come second," says Croft. "I'm really pleased they haven't had to go to a beer tent to finance it."

"We'll go out of business before we'll have a beer tent," says Houston. As in a bar, a crowd that's at the festival just to have a good time could dictate the content of the performances. "If a singer wanted to do a light ballad, it would be totally lost in a loud crowd."

The festival is almost as much a meeting of musicians as it is of the folk fans who gather to watch. "It's a time when you can get together and meet the musicians you admire and have great jam



sessions," says Gallant. "It becomes a meeting of old friends."

Musicians perform at one of three stages — on the waterfront, in a tent that holds 700 on top of Blockhouse Hill overlooking the town or at the free stage at the Heritage Bandstand — and some also conduct workshops as part of the folk life component of the festival. Clary Croft, for example, tells folktales from the Creighton collection and the Swallows Tale band displays its traditional instruments such as the hammered dulcimer and aeolian harp that it uses in performances. There are also exhibits of folk art by such artists as Donald Boudreau.

"This is to show how the folk arts go



Tom Lewis hails from British Columbia

together, the music isn't a separate thing," says Houston.

The festival, which is organized by volunteers (except one full-time staff person), brings in about 4,000 folk fans during the course of the weekend. But, as Houston points out, it's not just the people who come in person who are exposed to Folk Harbour.

Houston's film company, Screen Star Entertainment of Halifax, has entered into a co-production with CBC Television to produce a documentary about Lunenburg and the music is straight from Folk Harbour. The show will air in September in the Atlantic region and will then be re-edited for broadcast on Adrienne Clarkson's *Summer Festival* next season.

As in the past two years, CBC Radio will have microphones on Folk Harbour — the tent on Blockhouse Hill is basically the CBC's sound stage. In four days Markandrew Cardiff gets enough tape to do a lot of programming.

"It's the CBC's mandate to record Canadian talent to help develop it and to expose it to the rest of the country," Cardiff says. "To me, Lunenburg is the foremost music festival in the region. It's 90 per cent Maritime talent covering everything from contemporary to traditional styles and it all happens in four days."

Knowing that the folk tradition is being preserved on tape as well as in the repertoires of musicians is the point of the whole exercise to Jim Pittman. "We like to pick up a guitar and sing about ourselves. It's a matter of keeping your roots alive, whether you're Celtic or Acadian or whatever. I like the songs of the sea, whoever's singing them."

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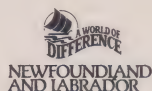
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A wide range of acts is promised for the 1989 Lunenburg Folk Harbour Festival from Aug. 10 to 13 in Lunenburg. N.S. Headliners include Tom Lewis from British Columbia, a shanty singer and retired naval officer. Representing the United States are the Boarding Party, who play "lively working shanties of the Age of Sail," and Daisy Nell and David Coffin of Peter Marston's crew of the *Mimi* from Gloucester, Mass.

The Ballie Catters will sail in from Newfoundland while the fiddling group known as the Cape Breton Symphony and the Rankin Family will provide Cape Breton's contribution to the festival. Jarvis Benoit Quartet will bring in the Acadian element.

Nova Scotian talent will include Clary Croft, who will team up with Halifax musician/arranger Scott Macmillan, and Celtic traditionalists Swallows Tale and Lennie Gallant. Singer/songwriter Laura Smith, Tailor's Twist Traditional Irish dance music and the *a cappella* group, Four the Moment, will come from Halifax. From a little closer to "home" in Folk Harbour come the Chester Brass and the Lunenburg County Fiddlers.



**T**he Labrador Straits Bakeapple Folk Festival isn't an event you'd stumble across by accident. To get there, the Newfoundland tourist who typically has landed at Port Aux Basques must drive to Deer Lake, turn left onto the Viking Trail and, 400 kilometres later, board the ferry at Flowers Cove near the tip of the Great Northern Peninsula. From there it's across the Straits of Belle Isle, landing at Blanc Sablon, Quebec. A short drive and one provincial border later and you've finally arrived in the Labrador Straits area, host of one of the province's oldest and most successful events.

During four days in mid-August, locals and visitors will take part in a bewildering array of activities, featuring everything from a Royal Air Force Tornados aerial display to bakeapple crêpes for breakfast. Sponsored by the Forteau Lions Club, the Bakeapple Folk Festival is entering its tenth year and expects up to 10,000 people to participate in the celebration of one of the province's most unusual and remote areas. Stelman Flynn, who chairs the 26-member organizing committee, says local attitudes have a lot to do with the festival's success.

"In this area, people have always had to depend on each other to survive and make things happen," he says. "That's how the festival works. It's really the result of the support we get from the 2,500 residents of the area. It takes fishermen from the boats in the middle of their season and puts them in a party mood. We love to see everyone made welcome and watch them have a good time."

While the festival concentrates most of its energy on the area's cultural and historical heritage, the most visible symbol remains a certain golden berry that ripens in late summer on the Labrador coastal marshes. The bakeapple, or cloudberry as it's known elsewhere, is popularly acknowledged as the king of Newfoundland's wild fruits. It grows just inches above the ground, a single fruit to a plant, and the berries are always devilishly hard to pick. Its distinct flavor and color commands a market price which far exceeds that paid for its wild berry competitors.

The Straits area has always been known for its bakeapples, so it's a natural, if somewhat risky, symbol for the event. A late June frost, not uncommon in the area, can kill the blossoms. A lack of certain insects that pollinate the crop can also cut production drastically. The committee therefore makes sure there's always a frozen reserve of the previous year's berries.

From Aug. 10 to 13, thousands of dishes of bakeapple pancakes, waffles, crêpes, juice, jams, pies and just plain bakeapples with cream will be served, helping to raise the \$40,000 to \$50,000 that the event annually injects into the

## Off the beaten track to food, fun and frolic

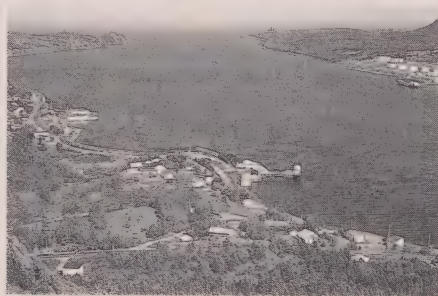
*Squid jigging and bakeapples will make it worth the trip to two Newfoundland communities hosting festivals this month*

by Rick Hayes



PHOTOS BY PHILIP FURY

At the Holyrood Squid Jigging Festival race courses bring the fleet very close to shore



Holyrood's a Sunday drive destination

area's economy. The Forteau Lions have established a special account for the festival's proceeds and Flynn is pleased they'll be able to start work on their long range project this year. "We aim to spend \$10,000 this year on a community playground we've been planning," he says,

"and we'll use more to help buy computers for the school and establish an educational trust fund. But the main purpose is to get the community together to have fun."

Like the dozens of other events around the island, the Straits Bakeapple Folk Festival tends to draw droves of island Newfoundlanders, as well as people from Quebec, the United States and even Italy and Sweden.

With ten years of experience behind them, the Bakeapple Folk Festival organizers have overcome the challenge of developing a top notch event in an off-the-beaten-track location. "We're a bunch of go-getters around here," Flynn concludes, "and that's what makes it such a success. Right now, we don't know how we'd handle bigger crowds if they came. The





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ferry and accommodations in the region can't really handle more than that."

There must be times when Jennifer Perry and her volunteer committee 1,000 kilometres east of the Labrador Straits wouldn't mind trading places with the Forteau Lions. Last fall, with Perry still new in her job as Holyrood's first economic development officer, the town council decided to expand Holyrood Day into a week-long celebration. The resulting Holyrood Squid Jigging Festival premieres the first week of August.

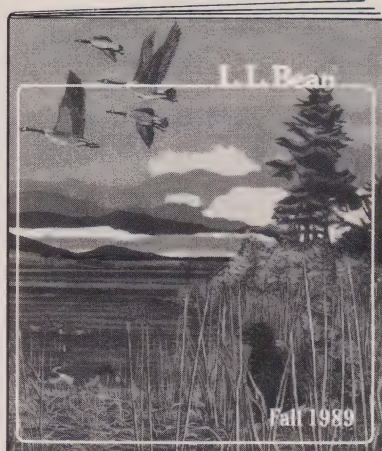
For the past few months, there have been a thousand details to attend to — from finding a costume for the proposed squid mascot to the finer points of organizing a teddy bears' picnic. Also on the agenda are a garden party, a family scavenger hunt, a softball tournament, a kite flying contest, face painting and scoffs and scuffs (dinners and dances). The Terra Nova Sailing Club plans races that will bring competing yachts close to shore, giving spectators a rare view of the frantic action that's essential to keep the boats moving at top speed.

Picking the best possible range of activities wasn't easy, says Perry. "Trying to second guess what people will like is a real intellectual challenge and the committee did a lot of hard work in setting up the agenda. It really helps that people are so close here. You'll find that a committee member is involved with the Scouts or the Star of the Sea Association or the local library board and, suddenly, that organization is part of the festival too. Everyone we've approached — our corporate sponsors, the school board, the Signal Hill Tattoo, government departments — have had strongly positive reactions to the idea."

Besides celebrating the 20th anniversary of the town's incorporation, the Holyrood Town Council hopes the event will serve to promote the area's considerable tourism potential. Just 50 kilometres from St. John's, the scenic community of 2,100 has been a popular Sunday drive destination for residents of St. John's for decades. Perry thinks the festival has the attractions to get them to think about staying longer and to bring in out-of-province tourists.

"Holyrood is right on the doorstep of a great variety of attractions. You can visit the Salmonier Nature Park, the Witless Bay Bird sanctuary or enter the Avalon Wilderness area. The scenery here and along the southern shore is some of the best in the province. If you like the ocean, you can charter boats or dive or even watch pothead whales feeding just off the beach in Holyrood Harbour. With the resources of land and sea that we have, there's a great potential for growth in businesses like bed and breakfast hospitality homes. With the support we're getting from everyone in the area, we're sure the first Squid Jigging Festival will be successful and that it will be here for a long time to come."

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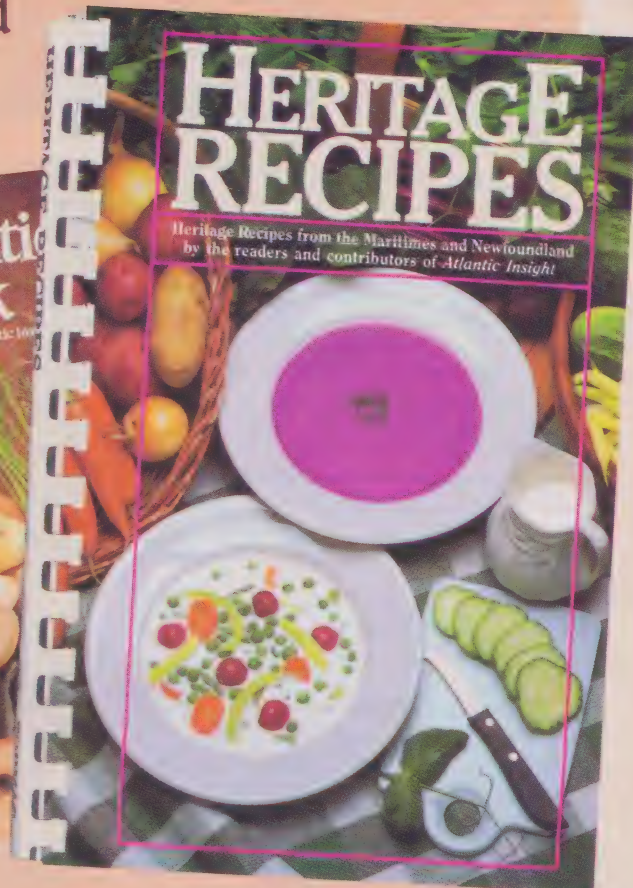
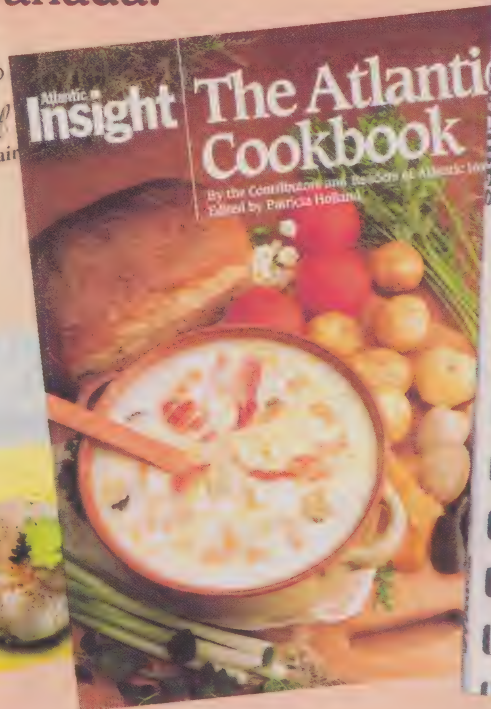
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# The quilt

## from craft to art

by Sharon McLeod

**T**hink of the word "quilt" and what image pops into your head? Perhaps you see a variety of colors, intricate patterns, delicate stitchery and a crackling fire on a cold winter's night. Maybe it's wall hangings of scenery or animals in myriad hues. Or it could be jackets, skirts, handbags, even wallets, all in up-to-the-minute fabric and color, with designs ranging from simple to geometric. All of these pictures are legitimate portrayals of a craft that goes back in the Maritimes to the beginning of European settlement.

After being subjected to a Maritime winter or two, it's not hard to understand why the early settlers were happy to settle in for the night under this cozy blanket made of several layers of warm materials, stitched together at intervals across its surface to keep it from bunching.

And once the immediate need of family warmth was satisfied, it's equally easy to understand how the matrons of these households began to gather to compare their work and socialize on those same winter nights, sewing a quilt together to give useful purpose to their gathering.

If our great-great-grandmothers could see the heights to which their craft has been carried in the present day, they'd probably be surprised and pleased — then sit right down, pick up a needle and carry on, since technology has only aided the work, not changed it.

Instead of layers of blanket material or the later bulky cotton batting, quilt batting of lightweight polyester that washes like an old sock is the central medium of the quilt today. There's also been vast changes in fabric from great-great-grandmother's time. But the actual quilting — drawing the material together with stitches in whatever pattern strikes your fancy (10 stitches to the inch is considered good) — is still a hand-done, time-consuming process.

Nova Scotia's Department of Tourism and Culture has declared 1989 the Year of the Quilt. The department's craft advisor Chris Tyler says the difference between great-great-grandma's time and our own "in a broad sense, is that what was work is now art."

*The patchwork masterpieces that warmed our ancestors' toes have since earned their rightful place as a recognized art form*



Rita Erskine came to the craft only recently but now opens her home to area quilters

ALBERT LEE

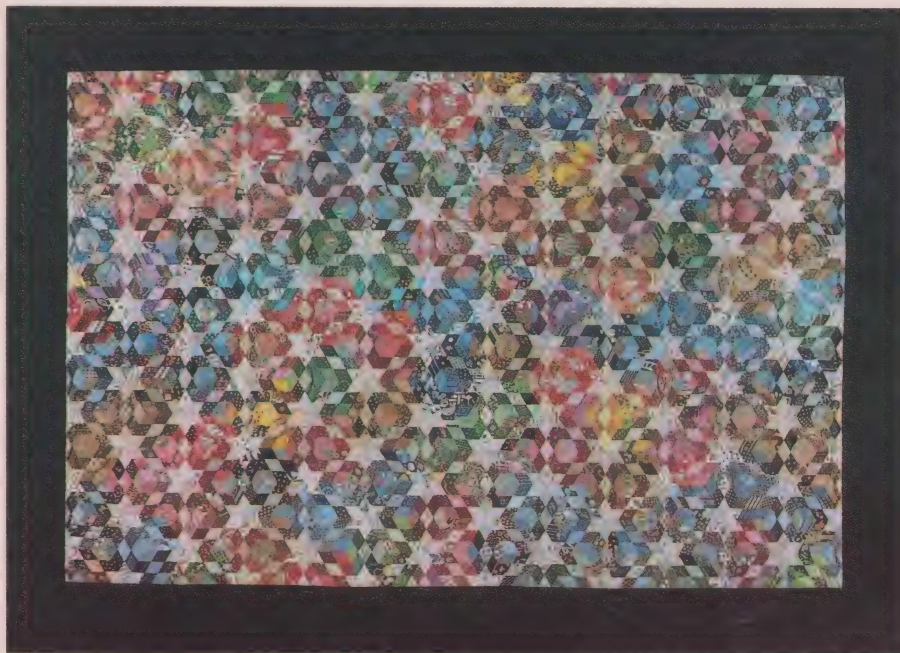


It's all "a matter of attitude," Tyler says. While the quilt as a blanket will probably always be one use for the craft, its place as art is now firmly established with specially mounted shows taking place all over the world.

A number of shows scheduled for the Year of the Quilt demonstrate that the medium is alive and vital and adding growing numbers to its dedicated practitioners. From Aug. 11 to Sept. 17, Mount Saint Vincent University's art gallery in Halifax, N.S. is displaying Quilt '89, a juried exhibition of contemporary designs featuring 53 quilts selected from 157

with Robson that quilters mainly work for the love of it. "I like the learning and the social aspect of it. It's a quiet time in this fast age and getting together around a quilting frame or even by yourself with just hoops on your lap, concentrating on a pattern, provides a kind of rejuvenation." Foglein's Kennebecasis Valley quilters are holding their ninth annual show and sale in Quispamsis, N.B. from Sept. 29 to 30. She says each show she's been involved with over her six years of quilting just whets her appetite for more.

One of the attractions of the craft is that the only limit to its use is your



**My Stars! Another Charm Quilt; Marilyn Crawford (quilts on display at MSVU art gallery)**

entries. Patterns, a curated exhibition including quilts, opened last month at the Art Gallery of Nova Scotia and runs through to Sept. 17 as well.

In addition, the Annapolis Valley exhibition from Aug. 14 to 19 in Lawrencetown, N.S. has a special quilt display. Almost all of the country exhibitions throughout the province have quilting competitions as part of their regular crafts competitions.

Barb Robson of Bedford, N.S. is president of the Mayflower Handquilters' Society, a co-sponsor of the Mount St. Vincent show, and she says people who quilt are as varied as the kinds of quilts produced. "People come [to quilt] just for enjoyment and others do it for a living, getting thousands of dollars annually for their efforts."

But most, she says, "do it because they love it. I've been quilting for 15 years and I started because I had a two-year-old and an infant and I needed something to do that could be interrupted without losing my place. Also, in my case, since the work includes paper and patterns, I was doing something the kids could have some part in."

Jean Foglein of Rothesay, N.B. agrees



**Encompassing; Jean Rose**

imagination. Jenny Colman has run Quilters' Delight and Bayswater Leather in Halifax for the past four years, providing quilting supplies to customers as young as "14 or 15, I guess, right on up. There are cushion tops and baby quilts in kits but some of the kids just want to stick a piece of fabric on a jacket and quilt it."

And that, she points out, may be a far cry from the treasured quilt in your cedar



**Tulip Bowl; Phyllis Rowland**

chest that Great Aunt Fanny gave you years ago. "But it's a start and I'm sure some of these kids are going to get hooked."

In Colman's family, quilting was unavoidable. "My mother did it, my grandmother did it, my sisters and aunts all did it, so it was natural that I should fall into it, too."



**Chop & Change Binary One:1008; C. King**

Rita Erskine of Upper Musquodoboit, N.S. came to the craft only a couple of years ago, spending a good many years weaving instead. Now she enjoys throwing her home open to any number of quilters in the area, "who haven't the space or who just want to come to socialize. Quilting is the core." She says there are a great number of quilters in her area, some involved with church groups or other organizations, and socialization plays a great part in the enjoyment the quilters get from their work. The companionship enjoyed in piecing the quilt together, she says, is rivaled only by the sense of achievement in looking at the finished work.

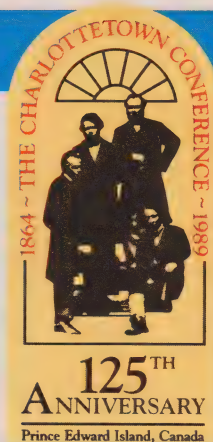
And, as in great-great-grandma's time, that sense of achievement is complemented by the knowledge that the work will last to be admired for many generations to come.



# Charlottetown celebrates 125 years of nation-building

*With a festival of descendants, parties and picnics, P.E.I. is honoring the 125th anniversary of the Charlottetown Conference*

by Sara Fraser



*"Amid most beautiful scenery, we came suddenly on the capital city of the Island. Our steamer dropped anchor magnificently in the steam and its man-of-war cut evidently inspired the natives with huge respect for their big brothers from Canada. I flatter myself we did that well. Having dressed ourselves in the correct style...we pulled away for shore and landed like Mr. Christopher Columbus." (from a letter by Charlottetown Conference delegate George Brown to his wife, Anne)*

In fact, the S.S. *Queen Victoria* had caused some alarm when it entered Prince Edward Island's Hillsborough Bay early on Sept. 1, 1864. She had been mistaken for a Yankee commerce raider.

With this auspicious beginning, the Charlottetown Conference was underway. The discussions of the 26 delegates at that conference shaped the lives of Canadians for the past 125 years and, for Canada's birthplace, that anniversary is reason to celebrate.

Prince Edward Island is celebrating — the summer has been a whirlwind of activities, big and small, and there's still plenty to come. Organizers say the party is the biggest since the Island's centennial celebrations in 1964 with events ranging from period picnics to country fairs, square dances and quilting bees. "But it's not just a party where you put on a hat, watch the fireworks, go home and wait for the next 25 years," says Eddie Rice, who is chairing the 125th anniversary committee. "It's an awakening for P.E.I., for people to become aware of what we're all about."

Rice, a veteran organizer and heritage enthusiast, believes "one of our dreams should be to have every Canadian child visit the birthplace of Canada." Islanders, he says, are just discovering the marketing potential. "So many places know how to market their uniqueness. Why not us? We are something, but we can be something more. Travellers have become jaded. They no longer want to see the biggest waterslide in the Maritimes. They want quality and that's what we're going to give them."

One of the main highlights of the cele-



Rain didn't dampen spirits at the June kick-off when the fathers' arrival was recreated

brations is the Festival of the Descendants of the Fathers of Confederation. To locate descendants of the 26 men, organizers ran advertisements for months in newspapers across the country, the United States and England. Festival organizer Bill Hancox says there are thousands of descendants "out there somewhere." So far, they've had almost 500 people respond, including grandchildren, great-grandchildren and great-great-grandchildren.

One of the respondents is Hugh Gainsford of Winnipeg, great-grandson of Sir John A. Macdonald, who says Canada has paid too little attention to the men who formed the country. "I'd like to see a day set aside for the nation to remember the Fathers of Confederation," says Gainsford. "In the States, they have Columbus Day and he didn't even discover America." As for his ancestor, he says, "the man accomplished a great deal, even though he may have imbibed a little too much. He was under a lot of pressure — he was trying to build a



country."

Another descendant is Patsie Schless who came to the inaugural celebrations in June from Austin, Texas. But the festival date was purely coincidental, she says. She and her husband had planned for months to come to P.E.I. to research her connection to her great-grand uncle, Sir William A. Henry. "My heritage is very important to me," says Schless. "That's why I've never become an American citizen."

Some descendants take their ancestry more lightly. "I don't know how deserving the descendants are," says Artemas Wright of Charlottetown, great-grandson of John Hamilton Gray, "but I think the Fathers of Confederation did a pretty good job."

The descendants have been the focus of media attention from far and wide. One journalist telephoned festival organizers from the *Plattsburg Press* in Plattsburg, N.Y. When asked why he was interested in the festival, the reporter replied, "My



editor told me it was a good story and I'd better get on it." Organizers have been interviewed by radio talk shows from coast to coast and a story in *The Globe and Mail* listed the Island as one of the world's 10 "most unique" tourist destinations for 1989.

It's not just the descendants who are making the festival a success. A special atmosphere has been created by street actors, the Modern Day Fathers of Confederation, who re-enact famous vignettes from the 1864 Conference. The 26 actors, selected from more than 120 who auditioned in January, memorized the Fathers' biographies complete with British accents. Tourists can photograph them at

Centre, where they were met by Premier Joe Ghiz. A dozen descendants were on hand to be presented with commemorative medallions and to participate in the raising of a special descendants' flag.

One of the big draws for both descendants and tourists are the picnics throughout the summer in communities from Cavendish to Brudenell. Period food such as ginger beer and raspberry vinegar cordial are being served at these picnics while a brass ensemble keeps the atmosphere lively and participants parade in period costume. Some communities are featuring carnival events with fortune tellers and palm readers, reminiscent of the circuses that used to pass through.

celebrations include a play, appropriately titled "Home," which looks at women's contributions to Canada since 1864.

Also billed as a 125th anniversary event was the July royal visit of the Duke and Duchess of York, Andrew and Sarah. Another visiting dignitary is Governor General Jeanne Sauvé, who will present P.E.I. with the first provincial coat of arms in Canada.

Before the delegates left the Island in 1864, the government and the citizens of Charlottetown threw a gala ball at Province House at which they danced, dined and made speeches until the wee hours. That ball will be recreated this September in a memorable party in the streets sur-



COURTESY OF FESTIVAL OF THE DESCENDANTS

designated times on the steps of the provincial legislature and at special events until September.

The costumes of the Modern Day Fathers were a feat in themselves. Designed by *Cats* costume director Werner Russold, the look is authentic to the last detail. "We want to recreate the image of the famous photo taken at Fanningback [the residence of the then lieutenant governor] down to the last facial hair," says Russold, and he means it. The young men have grown thick beards or flowing whiskers as the historic photo dictates.

The actors first chance to show off their stuff was at the inaugural celebrations in June when they recreated the fathers' arrival in Charlottetown Harbor by boat. As one historian recounted about the original event, "there had never before been such a numerous coming together of the public men of British America." To pipes and drums, the "new fathers" marched up historic Great George Street to Province House and Confederation

Summerside is offering an old-fashioned horse pull and serving a whole roasted pig and, at Alberton, a haywagon is providing a shuttle service. "You can just imagine a New York tourist from the concrete jungle on his first hayride," chuckles Hancox.

There's no limit to the heritage-inspired events. A beard-growing contest that culminates in September will judge contestants on the shape, conformity, color and length of their facial tresses. First prize is an all-expenses paid trip to Toronto to see the Blue Jays at the new SkyDome.

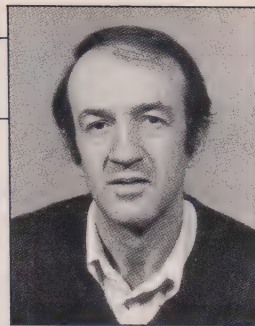
Even though the Fathers of Confederation were all men, Island women's groups have become involved in the anniversary with their own theme. Beyond the Vision: 125 Years Later is a celebration of women's contributions to nation-building. As a kick-off, the Island's Advisory Council on the Status of Women held its first New Year's levee, christened the Mothers of Confederation. Other

*The 26 delegates to the original Charlottetown Conference, including soon-to-be prime minister Sir John A. Macdonald, were photographed on the stairs of Fanningback, residence of the lieutenant governor*

rounding Province House.

Organizers hope that the anniversary celebrations are just the beginning to a new awareness about P.E.I.'s rich heritage and its marketability. "I'm hoping that from this, things will grow," says Rice. "We're guardians of our heritage but we have to learn to exploit it." ☑





## Metamorphosis of a paper

**A**t the Atlantic Journalism Awards in the spring, young staffers from *The Chronicle-Herald* walked away with a clutch of awards for writing and editorial cartooning. Meanwhile, the Halifax newspaper had been hammering away at the provincial government for its emasculation of the Nova Scotia Public Utilities Board, which regulates power rates. The government got so aggravated that a cabinet minister lashed out at the newspaper — to my knowledge the first time this has happened in 40 years. Also to my amazement, Herald staffers have been turning up as interviewees on the CBC.

For the benefit of strangers who might wonder why this is amazing, let me explain that for several decades *The Chronicle-Herald* and its sister publication *The Mail-Star* constituted possibly the most ridiculous journalistic enterprise in Canadian history — matched only by Fredericton's *The Daily Gleaner* in the days of publisher Brig. Michael Wardell and his Beaverbrook personality cult of the late '50s and early '60s.

*The Chronicle-Herald* and *The Mail-Star* have been getting better for a decade or so under the impact of brisk media competition in the Halifax area and the mere fact that paranoid old-fogeyism has declined as new journalists have taken over. Improvement, spotty at first, has quickened in the past few years. For a couple of years now the editorials have ranged from not-bad to excellent — clearly reasoned and sometimes hard-hitting, on the whole better than those of the *The Globe and Mail* with their shrill and overbearing big-businessism. The day-to-day news is being covered in a fairly normal newspaper way. To a veteran *Chronicle*-watcher this in itself is cause for amazement. Headlines are in English, rather than in grunt words like "urged" and "looms" (as in Socialist Takeover Looms — a headline of the mid '70s over a local businessman's reaction to a "socialist" speech by Pierre Trudeau). The general literacy is up to scratch. References to "this country" are edited out of American copy, so that Canada is no longer presumed to be part of the U.S. The editorial cartooning is excellent. Coverage has been expanded. *The Mail-Star* has been given a "new look."

That being said, *The Chronicle-Herald* and *The Mail-Star* are not entirely out of the woods. Although my contacts inside the paper tell me that this isn't so, deep in my socks I wonder if this isn't a Prague Spring. The same owner —

Graham Dennis — is still there. Surely he's going to perk up one of these days, notice that his reporters are being disrespectful to Tories, are cavorting with CBC Bolsheviks and are being too smart by half, and bring the curtain of orthodoxy ringing down.

This orthodoxy is the nub. Until the mid-'70s the newspaper's world-view was basically that Halifax was a British military garrison and that the values of the British Empire — its demise being irrelevant — had to be defended against the French/Communist/Central Canadian/CBC/labor union hordes or all would be lost. The abject colonialism involved also required blind deference to things American, especially of a reactionary stripe. What it amounted to in real life was a mindless boosterism combined with total collaboration with political, business and other local power elites. The paper's mission was not to report but to cover up.

## *Deep in my socks I wonder if this isn't a Prague Spring*

In 1970 the Davey Commission on the mass media slammed the paper mercilessly on everything from literacy to ethics. Among other things, its researchers found that not one word of editorial criticism had been directed at the Stanfield-Smith government during its entire 12 years, despite numerous scandals besetting it at the end. Reeling from this assault and from a constant barrage of criticism from the weekly *Fourth Estate*, its first competition, *The Chronicle-Herald* laid out its journalistic philosophy. In an editorial circa 1974, which I eternally regret not having clipped and framed, the paper said something like this: "It is not the duty of the press to ask questions. It is the duty of the official Opposition to ask questions. The press reports the answers."

What this no-questions journalism amounted to was, quite literally, a cult of stupidity. Those who were not naturally

stupid, who were given to asking questions, either left, were fired or learned to hide their lights under a bushel. (I hate to brag, but I was fired in 1966 after only six weeks on the job. I was one of 10 summer staffers hired on a quota basis — five Protestants and five Catholics.)

Things took a turn in 1977. Amid general administrative chaos at the newspaper there was a palace revolt. A group of reporters tried to form a union. Many were fired. Some were rehired. The union move failed but the point had been made to a traumatized ownership. Gradual improvements and changes took place against a grudging (and maybe still grudging) old guard.

I'm not dredging all this stuff up just to take a gratuitous shot. The question is: how much of it remains? The answer is: some.

The editorials may have improved, but the "op-ed" pages haven't much. Although submissions from various points of view are printed, the paper has not quite reached the point where wide open political and social commentary is permissible. It's main columnist is a third-rater, presumably a friend of the publisher, who writes out of London and comments on everything under the sun.

The brightest of the new spots at the paper is its cartoonist, Bruce MacKinnon, a world-class talent. His best work should be seen by many Canadians. But the old paranoid parochialism is at work. Again absurdly, the paper won't allow him to be syndicated — a move that would bring credit both to him and the paper.

And, peculiarly, coverage of Atlantic Canada is lacking. All hell has to break loose in New Brunswick before you read it in *The Chronicle-Herald*. Indeed, you might see it in *The Globe and Mail* first.

Many of the paper's newer staff, only vaguely aware of its history, are perplexed at the disdain towards their employer which they often find among other journalists and some members of the public.

Perhaps some of that disdain is no longer justified. But on the other hand, *The Chronicle-Herald* still has a crucial test to pass. It's this. The next time something big goes wrong in the Nova Scotia political or justice systems, if the news comes from elsewhere than from *The Chronicle-Herald* — and especially if it comes from the Toronto papers — we'll know the paper has still not escaped its past, and not redeemed itself in the eyes of a public it has so embarrassed and abused.



## Parents pay the price to supplement education

*Some parents consider supplementing their children's education with time at private learning centres a necessary extra expense*

by Bob Wall

In the good old days of "reading, 'riting and 'rithmetic" students with problems in these subjects stayed after school for extra help. If that didn't work, big sister or great Aunt Minnie might be called upon to take up the chore of tutoring.

Today there is another option. Learning centres will all but guarantee in writing that little Jane or Johnny will catch and surpass the class. The only requirement is money.

"An incredible offer!" says one recent newspaper ad. "Move your child ahead one complete grade level in only 30 hours! All for \$500." What do learning centres do differently? Can they make a marginal student into a class leader? How can they promise success where our public school classrooms have failed?

Andrea is only in Grade 1 but twice a week after school her mother drives her from Sackville, N.S. to the MAGI learning centre in Halifax for extra help. "The teachers told me that Andrea didn't absorb anything in Grade Primary. They basically said that she could either get put back into Grade Primary or spend the rest of the year in the Grade 1 and twiddle her thumbs because they had to go on with the children who were moving faster."

The dilemma faced by Andrea's mother is similar to that faced by many parents in today's school systems. With crowded classrooms, changed teaching methods and increased demands for wider content in the curriculum, teachers must use their time in a way that will benefit the greatest number of students. Those children who are more aggressive or better able to cope with the system get the attention they need. Those who can't keep up are shuffled or "streamed" into areas that are less challenging. This often simply re-enforces a pattern of failure which follows the student throughout their school years.

Danny White, one of the founders of MAGI, sees the need for learning centres as part of broader societal problems. "Lifestyles, the way we raise our children, the things that influence our lives and the degree that children use electronic means to get information are all changing," says White. "In the process there is less emphasis, both at home and

in the school, on fundamental skills of cognitive development. Coupled with these changes is the increasing financial pressure in the school system in Nova Scotia which limits what teachers can provide because there is not enough money to hire sufficient staff to keep the student-teacher ratio low rather than high."

MAGI offers a three-to-one student-teacher ratio in an open but structured setting that allows the teacher to provide individual attention to each of the students. Elizabeth Glenen, assistant director at the centre, points out that the MAGI system eliminates the traditional barriers



Individual attention in an open setting

between students, teachers and the administration so they can function as a team and provide "a learning program that can focus precisely on the specific problem of the student." Computers with custom designed software are used to identify the problem areas, to assist in teaching reading and writing skills and to provide follow-up diagnostic testing.

Across the harbor in Dartmouth, David Adlington is administrator of the recently opened EXCEL Learning Support Group. Operating from a converted house on Hawthorne Street, this centre lacks the modern appearance of MAGI but functions in much the same way. Adlington points out, however, that most of EXCEL's students are in a straight one-to-one tutoring situation. Adlington says that this is the method most parents

choose, "perhaps because they believe they get more for their money if their children have individual attention."

Although Adlington hesitates to make claims of success because EXCEL has only been in existence since the beginning of this year, White says that MAGI's diagnostic tests have shown conclusively that "at about the 30-hour level, children will elevate their grade level by at least one if not two degrees." The need to show that learning centres can improve a child's standing in school is essential because they are not a part of a publicly funded educational system. They are private businesses operating for profit. "We have to stand behind our effort because we ask the parent to pay us for it," says White.

Marcello is a grade 12 student who hopes to go on to university next year. His problem is math. He failed the subject in Grade 11 and wasn't doing much better taking it again this year. "I've always had a problem with numbers ever since about fourth grade. I just didn't understand them very well even though I did okay in my other subjects." Now, after six months in the learning centre, Marcello feels certain that he will be able to pass the grade and qualify for admission to university. Glenen points out that lack of confidence, such as that expressed by Marcello, is at the root of many students' problems.

Success, however, is not cheap by any standard. At MAGI, the assessment used to identify problem areas and design the individual study program costs \$100. The fee for the two-hour weekly instruction periods is \$25 per hour with an added \$25 per month for maintenance of the physical facilities, replacement of books, tapes, computer software and other consumable supplies. For Marcello that amounts to about \$1,600 on top of the taxes his parents pay to support the public education system.

Although the cost for seven-year-old Andrea, now in her ninth month at MAGI, is even higher, her mother feels it is worth the expense. "Andrea's still a little behind in writing skills but she has caught up to her class in math and she's already reading at a grade two level. It's a shame to have to spend all that extra money for something that she should be getting in school, but I'll do anything I can to see that she gets a good start. She's got a long way to go and I don't want her to be completely lost by the time she gets to fourth grade."

White is so convinced that the learning centre concept fills a need which the public education system can't meet, that he is about to open another MAGI centre in Sydney, N.S. In time he feels that centres like it will be available to students throughout the Maritimes. For parents the big question may not be whether their children need the extra help but whether they can afford it. ☐



# Cream of the crop

*This summer enjoy the unforgettable taste of baby vegetables, fresh from the garden, splashed with cream and melted butter*

by Judith Comfort

**H**odgepodge, to the rest of the world, is a conglomeration, a jumble, a miscellany. But for those of us who anxiously await the first flowers on our potato plants and the plumping out of pods on the pea vine, hodgepodge is a bowl of sweet baby vegetables splashed with cream and melted butter — the quintessence of summer food.

Hodgepodge requires perfect timing. First, the potatoes are snatched from under the growing plants and their fragile new skins are rubbed off under an ice-cold spray from the garden hose. Then it's time for the carrots, peas and beans. If, after close inspection, they are found to be filled out enough to be picked without guilt, they are dispatched from garden to saucepan. Here the tiny, white, orange, green and yellow vegetables are added to the pot in just the right order lest any individual in the jumble become overcooked. Cream and butter is added and barely heated through. Then it's time to sit down and relax, to savor the dish, making sure that not a drop of the vital liquid is left in the bowl.

Unfortunately, perfect baby vegetables can't be purchased in the average supermarket. Sometimes they can be found early in the morning at farmers' markets or at U-pick farms but by far the best way to ensure a perfect hodgepodge is to plant a garden in the backyard.

More and more people are planting gardens and they're a far cry from the potato-turnip patch of bygone days. Motivated by a love of good food, teachers Gail and Owen Hamlin of Liverpool, N.S. nurture a luxurious 25 by 50 foot plot in which they grow not only their favorite peas and beans but also herbs and vegetables like fennel (a licorice-flavored, celery-like plant) and zucchini.

Quality, not economy, is the reason the Hamlins and other home gardeners

spend their weekends with their hands in the soil instead of chasing balls around the golf course. Owen says, "We grow a garden for the heart and head, not the pocketbook. It is expensive." They simply cannot buy the fennel which they enjoy inside barbecued mackerel or the quality of zucchini which, stuffed with shrimp and Mornay sauce, is their Saturday night favorite.

Friends strolling up the Hamlin's front driveway are tempted by the cherry-like tomatoes hanging from vines planted in tubs next to the shrubbery. After trying many types of tomatoes, Owen and Gail discovered a variety called Sweet 100. "Because they are so hardy and prolific, they are the only kind we grow," says Gail. Commercially grown tomatoes, developed because they store and ship well, simply cannot compare to the more fragile but superbly flavored Sweet 100 miniatures. "They're so delicious," comments Owen, "that they don't usually make it into the house. They're eaten on the run."

Whether it's tomato soup, corn chowder, pressed cucumbers or hodgepodge, Atlantic Canadian home gardeners have the culinary *crème de la crème* — that magic combination of perfect vegetables, dairy cream and butter.

## Hodgepodge

Amounts for this recipe are approximate so vary them to suit your taste.

1-2 cups new potatoes  
3 cups freshly picked baby vegetables such as carrots, beans, peas  
2 cups light or heavy cream  
2-4 tbsp. butter  
salt and freshly ground pepper to taste

Barely cook baby vegetables and potatoes by the method you prefer — steaming, boiling or in a microwave oven. If using traditional one-pot boiling method, start with potatoes which take the

longest to cook and gradually add other vegetables boiling a few minutes after each addition. Place cream and butter in large saucepan over medium heat. When butter has melted add cooked, drained vegetables. Heat vegetables through. Serve immediately in bowls with salt and freshly ground pepper, to taste, or simmer until vegetables are as soft as you like. Makes 4 servings.

## Mrs. Hamlin's pressed cucumbers

1-2 large cucumbers  
1 tsp. salt  
1 cup heavy cream  
2-4 tbsp. vinegar  
black pepper to taste

Peel cucumber and cut into paper-thin slices in medium bowl. Stir in salt. Place a saucer and weight on cucumbers and set aside 1 hour or more. Press saucer and pour off liquid. Squeeze cucumber slices to remove as much liquid as possible. Add remaining ingredients to bowl, stirring to combine. Serve immediately or cover and refrigerate. Makes 2 to 3 cups.

## Icy cold vegetable beet borscht

2 tbsp. vegetable oil  
1 large onion  
4 ripe tomatoes  
3 sprigs fresh parsley  
1 large carrot, cut in rounds  
4 small potatoes  
1 cup chopped celery, with leaves  
4-5 medium beets, whole, unpeeled, with root and 1 inch of stem intact  
beet greens, from above, if available  
¼ to ½ cup brown sugar  
juice of 1-2 lemons  
salt and freshly ground pepper to taste  
2 cups sour cream or whole plain yogurt  
1 cup chopped green onion  
1 chopped cucumber

Place oil in large Dutch oven or soup pot over medium heat. Coarsely chop onion and sauté, until translucent. Add tomatoes, parsley, carrot, potatoes, celery, beets and beet greens. Add water to cover and increase heat to high. Bring to a boil, cover and simmer until beets and potatoes are fork tender (about 15 minutes). Remove from heat and pour soup through strainer or colander over large bowl, to separate liquid. Reserve cooked vegetables. Pour liquid back into pot. Alternately stir in brown sugar and lemon juice, a bit at a time, tasting as you go, to achieve a sweet-sour balance. Add salt and freshly ground pepper to taste. Chill soup. Clean vegetables under cold running water, slipping skins off beets and potatoes. Chill.

When soup is cold, place sour cream or yogurt in large serving bowl. Whisk in soup, a few tablespoons at a time until all smoothly blended. Refrigerate until serving. Serve with a platter of cooked vegetables and chopped green onion and cucumber. Makes 8 to 10 servings. ☒









**W**hat do 400 telephones ringing sound like? If you really wanted to know, **Donald Price** of St. Stephen, N.B. could give you a demonstration. He is a passionate collector of Alexander Graham Bell's invention. Price says he has between 400 and 500 telephones, at last count, many of them in working condition. And that's down from the 700 he had when he was collecting all types. Now he specializes in Northern Telecom (formerly Northern Electric) equipment.

Price started collecting phones and related paraphernalia about 30 years ago. "It was idle curiosity as a kid," he explains, "I started collecting any and every telephone I could get my hands on. But at the turn of the century, there were about 700 telephone companies in the continental United States. You can see why I had to put the brakes on collecting all makes and models."

An electrician by trade, Price is



Price, an electrician, admires the workmanship used to make telephones in a bygone age

intrigued by "the workmanship of a bygone age" that went into these phones. "For all technology has vastly improved, I find the workmanship in the earlier models far superior. Most of the things made today are made to be thrown out the first time they break down."

Price found his oldest phone, a handsome 1892 Bell Canada model, in Nova Scotia when it was "nothing but a bundle of kindling wood tied together with a bunch of wire." It cost him \$800 in that state and he has since fixed it to working order and learned some historical background on it as well.

At the time this model was current, Bell Canada had considerable power over its users, Price notes. Perhaps to ensure sales, Bell required its phones to be used exclusively by the renters or owners. "If you had a telephone and your neighbor didn't, you weren't allowed to let your neighbor use it," he says. "If you were caught then you were subject to having your phone taken away."

Price hopes to someday display his collection in a telephone museum. If you're interested in seeing them in the meantime, you might just give him a call.

— Alex Merrill

**T**wenty-two years ago **Harry Fraser** decided to do something about the lack of market information available to potato farmers in Canada and the U.S. so he started his own publication, *Fraser's Potato Newsletter*.

This month the Hazelbrook, P.E.I. farmer will publish his 1,000th newsletter. He says he's kept it going by giving potato farmers the information they need. "We're determined to keep improving and do a better job every year," says Fraser. "We try for it to be more than just a re-hash of facts and figures and let the people in the potato industry tell the story."

The newsletter now goes to all 10 provinces and 50 states, as well as some subscribers in Europe. It's brief and to the point, containing conversations with producers and market data from across North America. Fraser works on the newsletter three or four days a week and he has a lot of help. "It's a family operation," he says. "My wife Janet has always helped with the mailing and I have a secretary, Velma Jones, who works at it."

*Fraser's Potato Newsletter*, which comes out 45 times a year, is done entirely at the Fraser house and sent out to its 2,000 subscribers. And Fraser



Fraser will be mailing his 1,000th newsletter to 10 provinces and 50 states this month

thinks there is room for growth. "There are over 10,000 potato-growing operations in North America," he says. "There are

still a lot of areas I'd like to get into. I'd like to double the number of subscribers."

— David White



**M**ary Congdon of Upper Kingsburg, N.S. imagines kites as "sculptured shapes in the sky." The Lunenburg County kite maker's synthesis of art and aerodynamics took a first prize at the Smithsonian Institute's 1989 Kite Fly held in Washington, D.C. The international event drew thousands of kite flyers, including masters from China and Japan, who competed in a number of categories.

Congdon won a first place trophy in the figure category with *Metamorphosis*, a 35-foot kite with a 14-foot wing span in the shape of a woman. The woman's face is "sketched" or embroidered with a sewing machine and her body is defined by colorful streamers sewn out of rip-stop spinnaker nylon. Congdon, who also paints and sculpts, uses the sunlight that shines through the translucent nylon to create constantly changing patterns of color as her kites soar against blue skies.

Congdon's interest in kites started as a hobby and she and her husband Tony still fly kites on nearby Hirtle's Beach "just for fun." But for the past 10 years she has also made her living designing and sewing kites that are sold at the Black Duck Craft Co-operative in Lunenburg. Her kites have been exhibited at the art gallery at Mount Saint Vincent University, the Holland College Art Centre and Lunenburg's Houston North Gallery.

— Peter Barss



PETER BARSS

Kite-maker Congdon's figure of a woman, *Metamorphosis*, won an international event



RICK HAYES

White's almanac of the stories of Newfoundland women gives recognition for uniqueness

**S**ince the first edition of *A Woman's Almanac — Voices from Newfoundland and Labrador* came out in 1987, St. John's, Nfld. resident **Marian White** has encountered an ever-growing response to her personal crusade to tell the stories of Newfoundland women. Since then the almanac has mothered a string of projects that should ensure women's history in the province isn't neglected in the future.

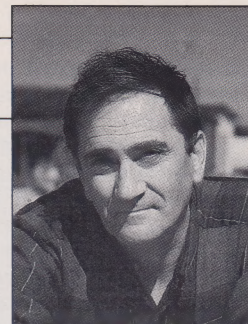
"I've always used an almanac or agenda book myself," she says, "and I found I always had to get one from somewhere else. I'd also met a lot of vital and interesting women while travelling around the province."

The idea of an almanac that centered around women's stories with notes about women's history, special events and examples of women's art scattered throughout interested Breakwater Books, which will publish the fourth edition late this summer. Featuring profiles of 12 diverse women and artwork by Lise Sorenson, one of the province's best known artists, the fourth almanac is expected to double sales of the original volume. As editor, White has already started research for the 1991 version.

"Women in this province did and do amazing things," says White, "and most of them are totally unpretentious about it. It's nice to see them get some recognition for their uniqueness while they can still enjoy that sense of their own importance."

— Rick Hayes





## Living in the age of lifestyle

**T**here was the fellow who was pleasantly surprised to learn he'd been speaking prose all his life. A similar thrill was given to nearly the whole of personkind when, in the mid-1970s, it was discovered that everyone had something called a "lifestyle."

It was one of those moments in the great human adventure when a fresh star appears, when stagnation is sloughed off and the race surges onward. In the words of the poet, "God said 'let Molson be' and there was lite." But then, just when we'd thought that civilization had peaked with "lite" beers, along comes "dry."

The discovery of "lifestyle" changed the world forever. A great new industry sprang up around it. Newspapers devote whole sections to it, TV programming centres around it and you hold in your hands one of only three newer magazines in North America without the word "lifestyle" in its title.

It has defined an age... just as there have been past Ages of Steam, Reason, Bronze, Enlightenment and Elvis. We are living in the Age of Lifestyle. All facets of the human condition have been altered by its discovery, even sex, especially sex.

Today, for example, we speak of the warm, meaningful, relevant, interpersonal relationship. Yet there are those still living who can dimly recall, as if from a darker age, when there was naught but nooky. "Lifestyle" has turned our very lexicon upside down.

When it was scientifically established beyond any possible doubt that everyone had a lifestyle, the great race was then on. Now that you knew you had a lifestyle there was no excuse for not trying to change it. For as things turned out, just about everybody had the wrong one.

For millions of years how could Nature have been so perverse? In the dark pre-lifestyle miasma we wore exactly the wrong kind of jogging shoe and were scarcely above the brute beasts in our methods of removing facial and body hair. When it came to calcium and fibre we were still in the cave.

Calcium and fibre get closer to the heart and soul of lifestyle than even aerobics or autos made by the Bavarian Motor Works. Better bones and spiffier stool are crucial to the concept. For some of us it's a little too late. No amount of fibre, calcium, physical jerks with Jane Fonda or Herb Alpert fragrances are going to lift us out of the pre-lifestyle swamps. We're the flotsam of the New Age.

And yet, as in my own poor case, it

is as the fathers of what are called "sub-teen" daughters that some of us continue the struggle. We may be consigned to lifestyle limbo ourselves but must keep on treading water for the sake of the rising generation.

The sub-teen female lifestyle is the ultimate test. Grasp the crux of it and there are no more mysteries. You are then qualified to captain the starship *Enterprise* and go where no man has gone before.

Nothing in the past prepares us. In my day there was the Breck Shampoo Girl and there was the dockside hoyden... yet, in between, there was a wide spread of what would one day be called "lifestyles."

If you were searching for a mean or an average between the two extremes then the name of the motion picture actress Miss Tuesday Weld would spring to your lips. Like the Breck Girl she wore tasteful cashmere sweaters but for her closeup shots they apparently sprayed a thin sheen of glycerine or something on her clavicles... just enough to suggest that she might not be above a bit of warm, meaningful, relevant interpersonal relationship.

### *Fathers of sub-teens are consigned to lifestyle limbo*

That, as I say, was a long time ago. We never actually saw Tuesday Weld and Rock Hudson buckle down to some serious lifestyle enhancement. How could they when it hadn't been invented?

Since the discovery of lifestyle, the middle nuances seem to have disappeared. There are no Tuesday Welds holding the middle ground. In today's junior highschools (I learn secondhand), there are only "Bangers" and "Dweebs."

The Bangers are the ones who grab persons by the person and bang their heads into the corridor walls. The Dweebs are the ones who get banged. They are both, I suppose, local variants of the more widely known Punks and Preppies.

In the United States, birthplace and fountainhead of lifestyle, at least one group has a clear role model. These are the lifestyle-conscious newly called

African-Americans. As a proud Dorsetshire-Come By Chance-Canadian, I envy them their clear charts.

*The Cosby Show*, a tremendously influential TV program, goes beyond even fibre and calcium as lifestyle indicators. In a word, sweaters. Put any three cutesy "Cosby kids" in a room together and there you have a good percentage of Australia's annual wool exports.

The most recent lifestyle trend we have from the States is perhaps the most unlikely and bizarre of all. The trend is to pseudo-Victorian and, coincidentally, sub-teen females figure largely in it.

Are we ready, north of the border, when any week now this latest direction slops across? I say if they can manage it in Dallas then Dartmouth should have no qualms. If a lifestyle-alert Texas mamma can peel the denim off her rangy, strident 12-year-old Dallas cowperson and rig her up in Victorian lace and frills, anyone can do it.

The U.S. news magazines have alerted us to this latest direction in conscientious lifestyle. Victoriana is in. The velveteen smoking jacket, the bric-a-brac shelves, the heavy crimson curtains, the family singsongs around the pianoforte... oh, if dear Albert had lived to see the colonies civilized.

Entire magazines are devoted to this fad and trendsetter journals like *Vanity Fair* and the *Architectural Digest* are full of nothing else. A typical illustration shows a non-African American miss toggled out like the late Princess Royal in her younger days and surrounded by acres of whatnots and hogsheads of blowsy Hybrid Perpetual roses.

As a parent of two sub-teen female Dweebs, I at first thought I was already a few skips ahead of this latest lifestyle avalanche. They've been known to blush prettily on occasion or to flutter in the best Victorian manner at news of the mistreatment of donkeys in parts of the Hindu Kush. I had only to encourage them further along these lines.

But then I remembered a law of nature that outranks even the new dictums of lifestyle. "If you have any hopes at all of getting them to do something, you must pretend that the exact opposite is the parental wish." So guess who'll be each getting a pair of evening-length black leather studded motorcycle gloves for their birthdays.

We'll see who cries, "Oh, thank you so veddy awfully, Papa," as they drop their curtseys.





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